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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

OCTOBER, 1916

THE BEAUX ARTS AT THE FRONT

BY LOUIS BAURY

IT is not the silence that surprises you. You are prepared, as you follow the leisured turnings of the Seine up to the little book-stall over which the Beaux Arts gazes to the Louvre, for the colossal hush that hangs over all this quarter. You know to a day how long it is since dwellers in the Rue Bonaparte ceased to be disturbed by the mad rattle of charettes along their thoroughfare, since shouts ceased along the quay, and the noon-time tables at *Les Deux Magots* and the *Brasserie Lipp* were abandoned to itinerant *cochers*.—Pained?—yes, to be sure; but you are scarcely surprised. You fully understand that war likewise is an artist in its fashion, and has a pretty fancy for youth.

And then suddenly there comes a cry—the sound of a voice unabashed. It is this which does take you by surprise. It is rather as if a stricken child, through the coma of a sleep, had smiled at you tenderly, reassuringly when, after you have walked with bowed head through the shadows of the outer garden and among the resounding corridors of the famous old institution, you come at length, in the inmost citadel, upon this tingling evidence of life undaunted, triumphant.

Men are rushing, bustling, scurrying, even laughing sometimes here. Bundles are wrapping, pens scratching, typewriters clacking, voices calling. In spite of all and through all, the heart of the Beaux Arts is beating—and over in a far corner, two young men with pipes in their mouths, bent over mimeographing machines, are flinging forth in

WHEN THE BOYS OF THE BEAUX ARTS, TWO THOUSAND STRONG, WENT FORTH WITH THE DAWN IN THEIR EYES TO "BECOME MEN"

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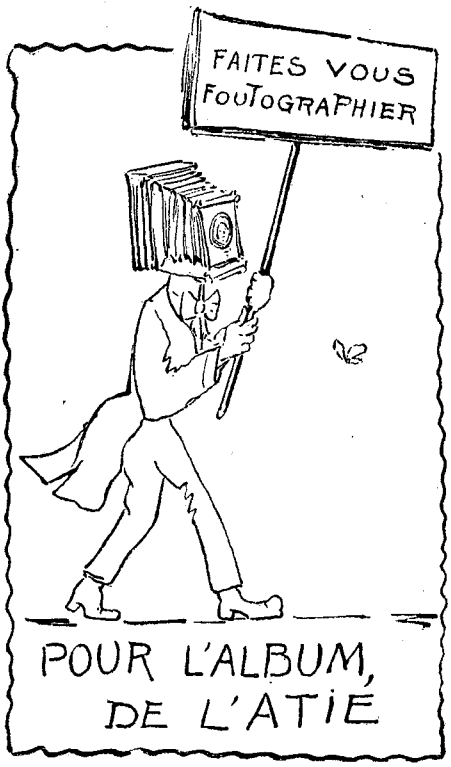
mounting piles those little violet-tinted leaflets which are the evidence in the case.

There are scores and scores of tiny weekly magazines run by, of, and for the soldiers of both the French and British armies—trenchant literature as one man who has still contrived to



IN FRANCE TO-DAY THERE ARE THREE CHIEF INDUSTRIES: FIGHTING THE BOCHE, SHOWING YOUR PAPERS, AND HAVING YOUR PICTURE TAKEN. ONLY SOMETIMES THERE IS NO CHANCE TO FIGHT OR SHOW PAPERS

escape death classified them. Indeed, what with the multiplying numbers of these, and the activities of all the poets and essayists at home and all the theorists and commentators abroad and all the innocent bystanders with impressions to record in between, the professors, who used to be accused of having started this War, may be fairly said to have been beaten at their own game. If they have given over the fight, it is simply from sheer hopelessness at the mass of amateur *littérateurs* arrayed against them. Ultimately history will record this as the war of machines and excess rush copy. But these little magazines of the Beaux Arts, which circulate up and down the front-line trenches in twenty-four different editions each month, are something quite distinct from all the rest—even from the other soldier publications.

Le Poilu, le Chéchia, and all the various *Echoes* of the different French regiments, with their gala, piquant mines of material for future commentators and psychologists; the uproarious journals of the Canadian and Australian troops; the devil-may-care periodicals that Sandy and Thomas Atkins, Esq., D.S.O., produce to the music of shrapnel, and that really extraordinarily lively publication which bears the imprint of His Majesty's aeronautic service—all these have their beginning and end in the business at hand. They neither look before nor after, nor pine for what is not; and their sincerest pain wears the talisman of an unforced guffaw. They are bounded by the sandbag parapets in front and the base hospitals behind, by the dug-outs beneath and the height negotiable by a B2E biplane above. It is this which gives them their greatest interest and value, and will make of them imperishable "documents." But the outstanding quality of the Gazettes of the Beaux Arts is their effort to link yesterday with to-morrow.

J—— (*through telephone*): Hello! Is that you, B———? Well, listen, old chap; can you keep this dark? I've got to get hold of twenty francs right away.

B——: My dear fellow, don't worry! It is as if I had heard nothing!

That is a joke which appeared in one of the numbers this summer. It has always been a tolerably acceptable joke as jokes go; but when you know J——, and when you know B——, the thing becomes positively excruciating. And when in addition to this you read it

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THE GAZETTE ARRIVES

somewhere along that embattled line that stretches its jaggéd profile from the mountains to the sea, it becomes also a singularly tender souvenir. The metal shield before you is suddenly transformed into a drawing-board. The bayonet in your hand dwindles to a pair of compasses. The dark defile of the trench on either side is the passageway of your old studio in Montparnasse, and down it come trooping Jean and Pierre and Henri, and big Ivan from Petrograd and Billy the irrepressible from Chicago; and there is to be a party over at Suzette's place in Montmartre, but they must wait until you work up the detail on this Hotel de Ville a bit more; and they will wait, because there is no particular urgency save the purchase of the wine,—there are no shells nor death nor perils greater than approaching rent-day, and friends are many and songs are free and the rainbow's gold is yours for the scattering. That is what one not overly brilliant joke can do under a given set of circumstances in this year of our Lord 1916 and of the travail of civilisation the third.

Not a letter finds its way from the trenches back to the old school in Paris

IN WHICH THE PRACTICAL GERMAN ADMITS THE FORCE OF AN ARGUMENT, AND THE STAFF OF LIFE IS VINDICATED

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but has some expression of the joy and appreciation of the spells thus wrought. For throughout Europe to-day people are learning the magician's art of building greatly upon very tiny things, and every homely little mole-hill in a kitchen garden is a mountain whose ascent leads straight to the stars. The accompanying pen-and-ink reminiscence of the sort of treatment with which a *nouveau* used to be favoured is but one of a hun-

"THE SWEET DAYS OF YOUTH." A MEMORY OF PIPING TIMES

dred examples that show how fondly, through the smoke and the stress of it all "out there," the minds of the Beaux Arts students dwell about even the most trivial incidents of the order that was.

"I am delighted," wrote one of them recently in commenting on this, "to see from the extracts of the letters you publish that the old camaraderie of the ateliers resists all counter-attacks. And I know now that nothing will be changed after the War—nothing save the atrocities of Boche architecture. These will pass away; but the old comrades, the nights of hurrying charettes, the spirit of the studios, illumined by those blessed old lamps that so outrageously smoke and smell, and enlivened by the lusty peals of American laughter—these will remain."

Which does not, however, in the least mean that these Gazettes are simply an equivalent in sketch and quip and story to a midnight party from the Café Rotonde. Obviously, in the nature of things, that would be quite impossible. As one who, long associated with the school, has remained at his post throughout the War, and so had unusual opportunities for observation, has put it: "They went away boys, and they are coming back men."

In these flimsy little pamphlets which are their public confessional, this transition is very clearly set forth. It is apparent not only in what is said, but even more clearly in what is left unsaid. But they are men who are vividly conscious of the wonder of their boyhood. That is the point. That is what the mere existence of these Gazettes has never permitted them to lose sight of. All the songs that were dashed so untimely from their lips live on unmuffled in their hearts. And so it comes about that though there is usually a deeper *tone* in even their most casual and trifling utterances, the *note* sounded is the same with which the halls of the storied old building on the Seine echoed before the Cloth Hall at Ypres was in any need of restoration or the flaming gargoyles of Rheims had demonstrated their impotence to ward off the evil that knows no soul.

Americans have been privileged to save so many bodies since this War started that it is good to reflect that here at least they have been also the means of keeping alive a spirit. For although, as is the case with so many important things, the actual beginning of the Gazettes was a quite casual and unpremeditated affair, it is the existence and zeal of the Committee of American Students which has made them possible.

The story of that committee is a splendid and thrilling romance all by itself. It was organised during the first days of the War, when all was panic and chaos and stark unsettlement, by Mr. Whitney Warren, the American architect, in an effort to forestall the suffer-

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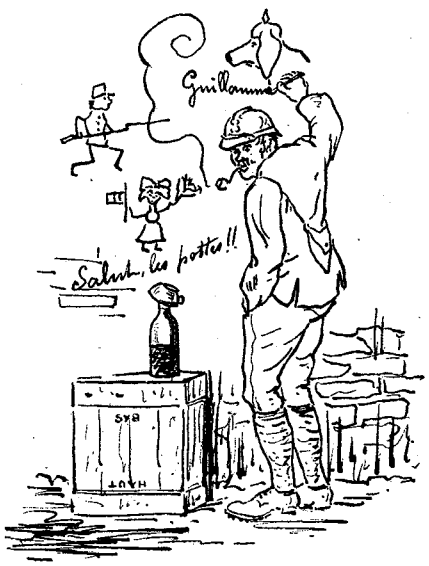
ing he knew would ordinarily be the portion of those connected with the school. Too many people are accustomed to thinking of the Beaux Arts student only in the terms which he himself so delights to emphasise—the terms of the Quatz Arts Ball and burning floats and flowing bowls and slim grisettes dancing in renaissance fountains. They forget how prodigiously one must work to have any real spirit for such fantastically abandoned play; and they are generally unaware that the great majority of these same riotous students are paying their own way through the school and working, scores of them, outside while still keeping up with their studies. Yet such is the situation. They are the Gallic counterpart of those earnest young Americans who get laudatory editorials written about them because they are stoking furnaces for the sake of a college education. Also, in numberless instances they have others besides themselves to provide for.

There is, for example, the case of one of the most brilliant pupils in any of the ateliers who, with his diploma in sight, had managed to start an architect's



A SELF-PORTRAIT OF E. BIDET, ARTIST EXTRAORDINARY TO THE GAZETTE DEGLANE

LA NOTE OU L'ADDITION?

office of his own. He had used all his available funds to do it. His wife had also contributed her mite toward the project. Even so, he was still slightly in debt when that notorious assemblage of grey-clad men crossed the German frontier into Belgium one summer's afternoon, and his country sent him a very urgent call to knock off business and come and save it. His wife disposed of her own trinkets and rings first. But they were not many. She was selling the architect's instruments of that brilliant pupil when Whitney Warren's committee found her and set her to work at a living wage in the *ouvroir* they had started upstairs in the Beaux Arts. That is one instance of the sort of thing which waited doing up innumerable pairs of dingy stairs around the Luxembourg Gardens.

To-day there are forty women employed in that *ouvroir,* besides fifty others of whom the committee is taking care outside; and behind every one of them is a vivid little story that would not do at all for a magazine of cheerfulness or "uplift." Perhaps it may be permissible, though, to suggest that even in France there are few "charities" more worthy of support—or few more urgently in need of funds just now. For the work of these women has to be paid for entirely from voluntary contribu-

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tions. Theirs are not paying customers —the diminishing clientele that is scattered along the line from the mountains to the sea. But what packets are those that they send out to them!

Of course every woman in the country to-day is, in one way or another, working for the army which is saving France. But these women are doing more than that. Theirs is the blessed privilege of working specifically for those members of it who are Beaux Arts pupils—their own sons and husbands and brothers and lovers; and every bundle that leaves their hands is beautified by the artist's seal, which is the emblem of labour done for love alone. Besides the regulation socks and shirts and cigarettes that go in all such packages, there is unfailingly some other extra little token, some intimate little touch which is the measure of difference between charity and consideration; and many of the most practical gifts of the entire War have emanated thus from the Beaux Arts Ouvroir.

When the cold, hard rains of the first winter campaign came beating in from over the Channel, it was a soft-eyed little French girl in this work-room who bethought her of cutting a hole in right-hand mittens just large enough to give access to a soldier's trigger finger, so that the entire hand would no longer have to be exposed when he was using his gun. And it was here at a somewhat later period, when the Government was gravely trying to discover the best form of protector against poison-gas, and designers were succeeding one another in long streams into the War Office—and out again—and grim-faced agents were talking not wisely but too long, that a little group of frivolous maidens, who might have been plucked from the pages of *La Vie Parisienne,*

IN THE SERGEANT'S OFFICE: "WHY IS THIS THING EXEMPT?" "WHY—MONSIEUR LE MAJOR, GREECE IS STAYING NEUTRAL!"

got together and out of rubber-sheeting and the shellac used for aeroplane wings, somehow, some way, produced temporary protectors and dispatched them post haste to the front. They were not nearly so good as the model the War Office ultimately accepted. Neither was the army that turned back Von Kluck nearly so well caparisoned as that which is now advancing along the Somme. But both served very well at the time.

And how the men appreciated it! What letters they sent back in futile attempts to tell those little girls in Paris that they were really very much obliged to them for having saved their lives, and shouldn't forget it—nor them, God bless 'em forever and keep them safe! Nobody remembers now just who it was

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THIS IS A DECORATION FOR A LONG POEM ABOUT A BLOODTHIRSTY BOCHE

who first suggested combining extracts from these letters in the little pamphlets that have developed into the present series of Gazettes. Perhaps it doesn't make very much difference. They were probably inevitable in any event. Anyhow, that is the way they actually started. No, nothing is changed. *Toujours, toujours, cherchez la femme!*

To-day each atelier has its own separate Gazette, with a tender and poignant little foreword from its *patron* and contributions from every member who can hold a pen—or dictate a sentence. It goes without saying that there are not so many of these as there were in August, 1914, when two thousand strong the boys of the Beaux Arts went forth with the dawn in their eyes to answer the call and "become men." The little laurel-encased Roll of Honour in each issue tells its own story. Yet on the whole, the Beaux Arts contingent has fared rather well, as such things go in war-time. They have no complaints to make; and you will find none in these Gazettes. On the contrary, you will find them—as you will find everyone in the French army—accepting the grimmest hardships with the gayest possible gestures.

"They have just been sewing up my face," one correspondent, for instance—and one who had been horribly mutilated—writes in from the hospital. "I am told that the doctor who did the job is a very famous man, but he has bungled the work so atrociously that I cannot manage to wink at the prettiest nurse in the world; and so she lives on, totally unaware, as far as I can see, of my existence. This, if you like, is genuine suffering."

It is not particularly witty, is it? But you must own that it is rather brave.

Earlier in the game the Gazettes used to be uncensored, but for some months now gaps have been appearing in their columns for all the world as if they were full-fledged Parisian newspapers, and more and more towns are coming to be mentioned by initials only. In a way this is out of rather superfluous deference to the American and, more

THE MEN AT THE FRONT HAVE THE KINDLIEST FEELINGS IMAGINABLE FOR THE "NEUTRALS"—AND YET SOMEHOW THEY JUST CAN'T HELP FINDING SOMETHING A BIT RIDICULOUS IN THE INEFFECTUALITY OF THEIR POSITION

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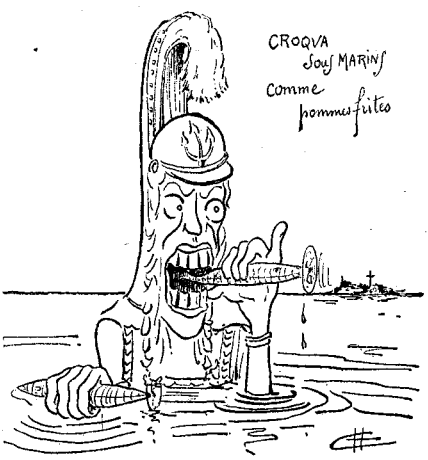
particularly, the Swiss students who, of course, are on the subscription lists no less than the Frenchmen; although the thing which really brought the Censor's supervision to a stringent head was a letter that came in last fall from the front-line trenches. It was written by a *poilu* who had over him a sergeant who a few months before had been a not particularly popular school-fellow in Paris. The French of this communication is rather difficult to render fairly, but it went something like this:

"Say! You remember S———, that poor prune who didn't know a capital from a flying buttress? Well, s'help me, the French army's done gone made that miserable simp a sergeant—and I'm the goat! What's the matter with Joffre and the War Office and all the rest of 'em, anyway? Are they trying to promote mutiny in this here army? You know what a cheery little, helpful soul S——— was around the studio when there was any work to do? Well, listen, out here——" followed a long catalogue of said sergeant's various iniquities, with a robust running comment which is really altogether untranslatable, until finally the author brandishes a concluding fist with: "But just wait! Some day this War is going to be over. Some day all these uniforms are going to be packed up in camphor; and then there's going to be a dark night along the Rue d'Assas, without a cop around and with a horse-bucket or a pail of whitewash or something handy, and then—O *then*—why, I'll just simply have to *get* this guy—that's all!"



"COMME POMMES FRITES." BEING BY WAY OF AN EARNEST DESIRE THAT THEIR GOOSE IS COOKED

THIS IS NOT A TRAFFIC POLICEMAN IN A MOTORMEN'S STRIKE

Somehow the authorities felt that such epistles did not tend to promote military discipline and that respect for superior officers upon which the efficiency of armies is builded. There is such a thing as carrying the comradeship of the trenches too far. The ascendency of the blue pencil has dated from that time.

II

The censorship of the French War Office, however, is not so rigorous as that of English-speaking conventions. It is possible to give the anecdote which is published of the fussy civilian who is questioning a soldier back on leave. "And have you water in the trenches?" he asks. "Ah, *mon dieu!*" returns the *poilu*, "up higher than our knees sometimes." "No, no," explains the other. "I mean have you water to drink?" "Oh, monsieur, suffering in the trenches is great, I admit; but we have not yet come to that pass." Yes, it is possible to give this; but it is not possible to give

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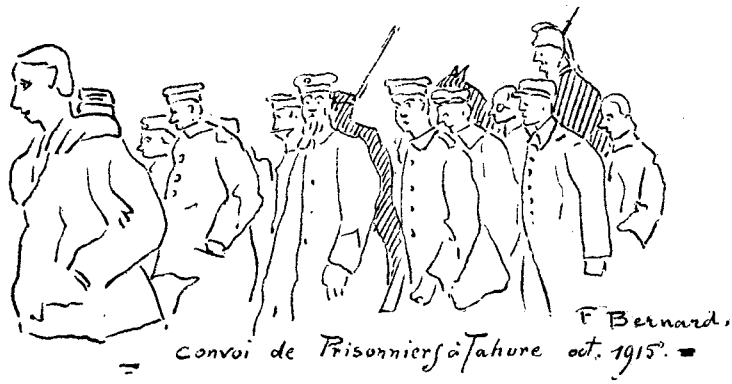

A CONVOY OF GERMAN PRISONERS. A FIRST HAND IMPRESSION

the infinitely more sparkling and characteristic joke which appears just above it.

The French have their little pruderies and artificial silences like the rest of us, but they are not the same pruderies which we foster; and thereby is established a gulf which no translator ever can ford with impunity until some other and remoter kind of world-war can be arranged and staged. In the case of the Gazettes of the Beaux Arts the number of local allusions with which nearly all the best things are impregnated makes it still more difficult to impart the true tang and flavour of them. Take, for instance, the story of *Tout du Ballot.*

This is a serial to which some member of the Atelier Laloux contributes a chapter each month—the most elaborate effort any of the Gazettes have attempted. It recounts the adventures of the last *nouveau* to enter the atelier before the War. The son of a Chinaman and an Italian lady, "born at sea in the course of a long voyage," he immediately becomes engaged in Paris to the daughter of the man who supplies coal to the Atelier Laloux—the same to whom, upon his intimation that he would like something useful for his birthday, the considerable *nouveau* presents a cake of soap. With the outbreak of the War, Tout du Ballot enlists in the French army. After deeds of perfectly fabulous valour, he receives the *Croix de Guerre.* He returns in triumph to Paris to show this insignia of his glory to his fiancée. But alas! she has married in his absence one of those marvellously panoplied members of the *Garde Republicain.* What is a mere *Croix de Guerre* compared with the magnificence of the uniform of the *Garde Republicain!* Spurned, disheartened, Tout du Ballot paces the streets in a wild frenzy, until the sheer lunacy of his conduct lands him in jail, charged with being a German spy.

How, after that, the heart of his lady is suddenly softened; how she accordingly sets out for America in quest of a "very influential old comrade"; how in the meantime Tout du Ballot disguises himself in an ancient costume from the Quatz Arts Ball and effects a miraculous escape from jail; and how, appearing thus at the front, he is mistaken by the Germans for a minister from regions infernal (the Wilhelmstrasse, possibly) and so turns the tide of battle—all this, together with much other mad, tumultuous, extravagant, gorgeously impossible matter, is duly set forth in the various numbers. But how can one convey all the impetuous abandon of the thing, the side-splitting interludes, the stark-crazy similes, the excruciating incidents by the wayside? One simply cannot. And though he had the facility of a Dumas and the effrontery of a Cyrano and the gestures of a Charlie

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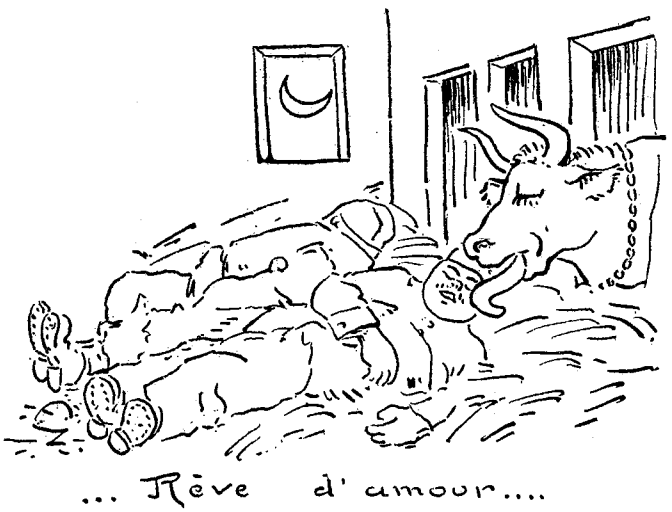
Chaplin, the thing would somehow still miss fire unless you knew the coal-merchant with whom the Atelier Laloux does business and were very familiar with the inner history of certain cafés along the Boul' Mich' and understood a hundred little standing jokes that have grown up around the day-to-day life of that atelier.

In fact, this is the great obstacle throughout. One goes through stack after stack of the magazines in growing despair of finding anything admissible in English that will still retain the vivid flair of the original slang and yet be sufficiently free of local allusions to remain intelligible. And yet this very untranslatability is the surest proof of authenticity—the best guarantee that the Beaux Arts is still the Beaux Arts.

Here is a little advertisement for specially fitted helpers that has been thoughtfully inserted on behalf of a youth who, instead of joining the army, remained at home to open an *ouvroir*. Oh, quite impossibly "shockeeng!" Here is a revue, *Au Clair de la Dune*, that begins with a journalist visiting an encampment of Zouaves at the front. He hears singing, but can see no one; and he is vastly puzzled until a voice informs him that the men are wearing the new "invisible" uniforms.

The uniforms we wear—
Khaki, if you please,
Khaki, if you please—
From tootsies to our hair
Habit us like trees,
Habit us like trees.



Hence the Boche's plight
Since he has to fight
Soldiers who are quite—
Get me?—out of sight!

Then a trio of cooks appears, singing of the bravery requisite to men who are perpetually "facing fire"; the Zouaves suddenly take on tangible form, boisterously demanding food—and drink; the conversation becomes animated and general. But somehow at the same time one begins to feel that perhaps it would be just as well to pass over this conversation in discreet silence.

Here is a little fantasy set down amid those regrets for fallen mates, those yearning recollections of the old school, which are present to lend ballast to

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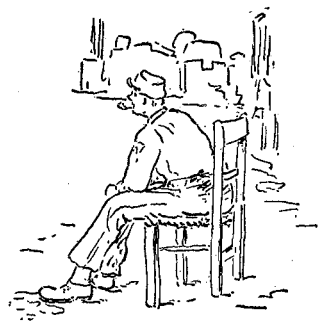
every page. It introduces two *poilus* in a dug-out. "Outside it is dark; the wind howls; it is misty; four hands are warming themselves over a meagre candle-flame." They are discussing, in quite Baudelarian metaphors, what they will have and what they will do as soon as the War ceases. Oh, heavens! This won't do at all! Let us look at the pictures instead.

After all, this is fairer ground on which to meet the Beaux Arts. When the Beaux Arts sets down things in line it is really more at home than when it deals in words. A draughtsman turning to literature invariably astonishes one in two ways: First because he is so good and then because he is so bad. And when all's said, the text of these Gazettes—the stories and parodies and dialogues and skits and poems—of which there are hundreds, poems gay and sad, poems sentimental and burlesque, poems heroic and patriotic (French verse is so viciously easy to do)—all these are scarcely consonant with the great gusts of mirth and enthusiasm they do succeed in exciting. As Dr. Johnson said of the dog walking on his hind-legs, the remarkable thing is not that it is not done particularly well, but that under the circumstances it should be done at all. In the case of the pictures, though, no such conscientious amendment is necessary.

In a sense, the pictures *are* the Beaux

COMPLIMENTS TO VON HINDENBURG



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Arts Gazettes. Here in its appointed *métier* the spirit of the school cuts loose and holds unfettered holiday, chucking a Kaiser under the chin as glibly as it flings a kiss to a passing flower-girl and running a Boche through vital sections as sincerely as it lays wreaths on the graves of comrades departed. Every grade and shade and nuance of young-French war-time psychology is expressed, usually in draughtsmanship of the soundest, sometimes in compositions touched with real inspiration. From the fierce, trance-like courage one feels in a drawing like this which shows a motor-cycle corps starting action-wards, through the wistfulness and vague longing, the curious quasi-comprehension of his own situation suggested in the accompanying sketch of a young soldier seated on a chair somewhere amid the ruins, on down to the frank extravaganza of the *Rève d'Amour,* all is here. One could write a thousand-word essay on each one, and still not have told half. In making selections for reproduction here, the effort has been not necessarily to secure the best possible examples, but rather to take them more or less as they came, to bring together a collection that should be fairly representative of all grades.

Some day, after the last shell has exploded and the men come up from the bowels of the earth once more into the light of day, it is planned to gather all these Gazettes into a monster memorial volume. One can picture the Beaux

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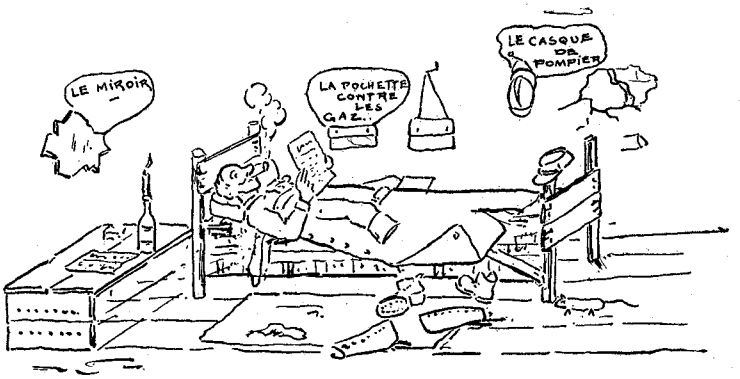
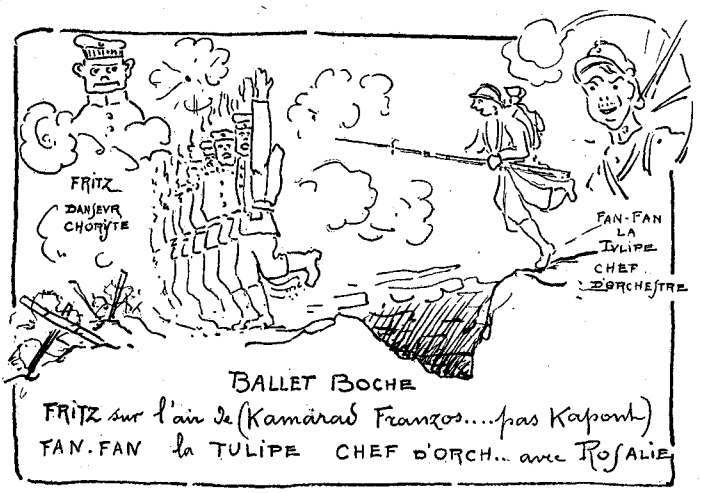


BE IT EVER SO HOME-LIKE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE THE FRONT

Arts men of the future poring over these reverently, with a little catch at their throats perhaps as they try to envisage these insuperable boys who went forth to found a new world that the generations of students who come after may enrich it with more stately mansions. And they will marvel over these magazines and sigh over them, and maybe shake their heads here and there over the technique and opine that standards have made wonderful progress since those dark ages when all the world a-fighting went, precisely as if it were young. But will they ever really understand? Will they ever quite realise how great a share these frantic little pamphlets have borne in keeping a-light the torch for them during that distressful time when the life of civilisation swung in the balance and the dust lay thick on the architects' instruments at Chapron's, while in the clustered ateliers roundabout spiders were sketching the *projects* of the interlude? Will they?

Perhaps, though, it doesn't matter. For they have finished their work, these bizarre compilations, out in the little



THE MOST POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT NOW RUNNING ANYWHERE THIS SIDE OF BERLIN

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hunchbacked villages of which naught remains but a few cracked roofs and an initial—the villages to which all the essence of the songs that were left unsung, the toasts that could never be drunk, the embraces that were wrenched asunder, has been transported through their agency to shower forth its ineffable stores

. . . . . *du courage*
A ceux qui en ont deja beaucoup!

AFTER READING "A HARVEST OF GERMAN VERSE"

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

OLD songs, old tunes, old records of old days!
Goethe and Schiller travelling old ways,
And then—new fires, new harvests, and young dreams—
Ah! how each page with passionate loving teems!

New voices that my heart had never heard—
The wonder of a Rilke's flaming word;
A schoolboy's love of country; Hesse's "Fog,"
A nation's song—and War its epilogue.

O singers! you have thrilled my heart to-day!
There still abides the old, kind, loving way.
Deep in my soul I feel your country wrong—
But O this harvest of immortal song!

LYRICS OF THE FATHERLAND*

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

MISS MÜNSTERBERG has done a great service for German literature by collecting the best of the old and new lyrics of the Fatherland, and, in happy translation, making an anthology of them for American readers. Here are Goethe and Schiller, Vogelweide, Luther, Uhland, Heine, Storm and Dehmel, with most of which we were long since familiar—even we who could not, unfortunately, read them in the original. But under the heading, "Our Time," one finds a veritable "golden treasury," as the jacket says, of the poems of this hour—songs as heartbreaking and joyful, as piercingly beautiful as the best of Christina Rossetti and Ernest Dowson, or our own Edith Thomas.

It is this younger and present group of German lyricists that holds the reader most. And curiously enough, perhaps through some divine accident, the English rendering here is far more satisfying, far more remarkable. We do not see, for instance, how the brief

*A Harvest of German Verse. Selected and Translated by Margarete Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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piece, called "Autumn Day," by Rainer Maria Rilke, could be more beautiful in the original. To transfer to another language such shades of meaning, such exquisite intangible phrases is nothing short of a miracle, and serves to make some of the translations of the older poets rather grotesque and ridiculous. On another page this lovely lyric is quoted in its entirety; likewise the same author's "Glimpse of Childhood" and "The Last Supper."

Miss Rilke—or is it Frau Rilke?—was born in Prague in 1875, and is still living. Her poignant songs will long be remembered, and perhaps when the Great War is over and done she will sing again. One cannot imagine so sensitive a spirit chanting any War poetry, any grim "Hymn of Hate"—Lissauer, by the way, is strangely absent from this volume—and one wonders what the present strife has done to her heart and soul.

Almost equally important is the work of Hermann Hesse, Freiherr von Münchhausen and, of course, Ludwig Fulda. The latter's "In the Express Train" rushes on to its fine climax with the speed and splendour of the train itself, but it is not lost in the engulfing darkness.

The ancient folk-songs are important for many reasons. They reveal that kindliness, that childlike heart which are so characteristic of the German people; and to read them at this time is to make us mindful once more of the underlying nobility and simplicity of the German at his best. Love of country runs through the book like a golden thread; and particularly interesting is the last lyric of all, "For Us!" written by "Reinhold S.," who, we are informed, is a schoolboy only thirteen years of age. His spirited lines were composed during the second year of the War, and gallop along magnificently. Here is a poet who, because of his youth, will not be lost in the present cataclysm, as was poor Alfred Walter von Heymel. After all, if we must go to battle, we should have brave songs to cheer us on; and no nation has ever had nobler lines written to quicken them as they followed the great god Thor. Other harvests may stand ungathered; but this burgeoning is for all time, and is not, thanks to Miss Münsterberg, for Germany alone.

THE LAST SUPPER

BY RAINER MARIA RILKE

HERE they are gathered, wondering and deranged,
Round Him, who wisely doth Himself inclose,
And who now takes Himself away, estranged,
From those who owned Him once, and past them flows.
He feels the ancient loneliness to-day
That taught Him all His deepest acts of love;
Now in the olive groves He soon will rove,
And these who love Him all will flee away.

To the last supper table He hath led.
As birds are frightened from a garden-bed
By shots, so He their hands forth from the bread
Doth frighten by His word: to Him they flee;
Then flutter round the table in their fright
And seek a passage from the hall. But He
Is everywhere, like dusk at fall of night.

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IN THE EXPRESS TRAIN

BY LUDWIG FULDA

I HASTEN by a city lightning-fast
Here in the rattling train: I see
Streets, houses, people shooting past,
Wagons, lanterns, signs in flight,
Overlapping in my sight;
Blotted, dim they seem to me.
Here I lived once long ago,
Lived for years
In youth's impassioned sacred glow,
In love and hate, in hopes and fears.
Round the corner there—
To the left, by the square—
Lives my one-time worshipped fate;
Behind the walls there, flitting past,
I could almost hold it fast—
No: too late—too late!
The last few houses—the empty plain:
The long-lost world is fled again,
With joys and sorrows great
Of storm-blessed youthful strife.—
I feel as if this moment I
Had like a stranger hurried by
My own forgotten life!

FOR US!

BY REINHOLD S., A SCHOOLBOY

FAR, far in the east is a gaping grave,
There they bury thousands of soldiers brave
For us!

In the west the humble crosses show
Where they lie dumb in many a row
For us!

Where storms are blowing over the sea,
They gave their lives so willingly
For us!

They gave their blood, their life's desire,
They gave it all with sacred fire
For us!

And we? We can but weep and pray
For those who bloody and trodden lay
For us!

There is no word, no way to thank
All those who suffered, those who sank
For us!

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BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY

VII. MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH

BY EDNA KENTON

I. "THE HIDDEN HAND"

. . . Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me when every sound appals me?
. . . I hear a knocking,
In the south entry! Hark!—more knocking!
SHAKESPEARE.

Hurricane Hall is a large old family mansion built of dark-red sandstone in one of the loneliest and wildest of the mountain ranges of Virginia.

The estate is surrounded on three sides by a range of steep grey rocks spiked with clumps of dark evergreens, and called from its horseshoe form the Devil's Hoof.

On the fourth side the ground gradually ascends in broken rock and barren soil to the edge of the wild mountain stream known as the Devil's Run.

When storms and floods were high, the loud roaring of the wild mountain gorges and the terrific raging of the torrent over its rocky course gave to this savage locality its ill-omened names of Devil's Hoof, Devil's Run, and Hurricane Hall.

THUS begins *The Hidden Hand,* one of the famous old thrillers of the fifties, the most popular serial, bar none, that ever raced through the breathless pages of the old *New York Ledger.* The setting indicated above for the adventures of Capitola, the Madcap, is characteristically Southworthian in topography, nomenclature and Virginity, and Chapter II: The Masks, bends straight to the heart of a situation that Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte Southworth thrilled to from her earliest days of authorship. It is a chapter of mountain robbers and Granny Grewell, the midwife; of a blindfolded journey through forests and winding hills and mysterious passages to an attic where lay a girl whose right hand, head and face were swathed and sewn in black crêpe; of the birth of two babes that stormy night, and the death of one; of the Machiavellian rescue of the living child—Capitola!—by Granny Grewell.

Then pass thirteen years, with the turning of a page, and Capitola is a newsboy—"Her sex a page's dress belied, obscured her charms, but could not hide.—Scott"—on the streets of New York. Here she tells Major Warfield, Old Hurricane of Hurricane Hall, in her artless, girlish way, of her rearing in Rag Alley by Granny Grewell, and Old Hurricane intones, "Ah-h!", recognising in her Capitola Le Noir, heiress to a vast Virginian estate, Hidden House, now in possession of the girl's more than wicked uncle, Colonel Le Noir. Old Hurricane declares himself her guardian, and, though the adventures of Capitola may well be said to have begun before her birth, there is a progressive intensity about them from now on that ranks Mrs. Southworth's imagination high indeed.

When Capitola, for instance, reaches Hurricane Hall, Mrs. Condiment, the housekeeper (note the Southworthian tendency in names), gives her "the room with the trap-door." A verbal diagram of the room follows, and in a parenthesis Mrs. Southworth explains her particularity here. "The furniture of this room I am particular in describing," she says, "as upon the simple accident of its arrangement depended on two occasions the life and honour of its occupant." Capitola demanded a look at the theatrical property that gave her room its name, and Mrs. Condiment obliged her by lifting a rug and revealing a large drop four feet square, kept in place "by a short iron bolt." "Now, my dear, take

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care of yourself," cautioned the careful housekeeper, "for this bolt slides very easily, and if while you happened to be walking across this place you were to push the bolt back, the trap-door would drop and you would fall down—Heaven knows where! If that horrible pit has any bottom, it is strewn with human skeletons."

Before she retired that night, Capitola lowered the trap and gazed into the awful black void, "without boundaries or sound except a deep roaring as of subterraneous waters!"

Comes now Black Donald into the next instalment, and the Outlaws' Rendevous! The latter is a secret cavern in the side of the Demon's Punch Bowl, and the path leading to it is indicated by frayed saplings of cedar, by which one may descend the inside of "the horrible abysm" to "the fathomless cavern." A large, natural platform of rock served the robber-band as a table; about it were stone seats; along the walls were heaps of bear-skins; and within are the clan: Demon Dick, Headlong Hal, Stealthy Steve, and other brave men and tried. Black Donald might have been "a giant walked out of the age of fable into the middle of the nineteenth century." He stood six feet eight in his stockings, or is it his boots, and was stout and muscular in proportion. He had decidedly "the air noble and distinguished"; a well-formed, stately head, fine, aquiline features, strong, steady, dark eyes, and an abundance of long curling black hair and beard.

None the less, despite his outlawry and his six feet eight, Black Donald contrives to dupe the country side by means of various cunning disguises; either dressed as a Quaker, with his broad-skirted grey coat making him look "twelve inches shorter and broader," and his black beard buried in the folds of a drab neck cloth; or as a jolly tar, in a wide peajacket, duck trousers and a tarpaulin hat, his chin sunk in a red comforter, he deceives magistrates and countryside alike. Only once was he hard put to for a disguise. On that occasion, for the sake of his brave men, he put himself on a month's régime of vegetables, and kept himself in a cavern till he became thin and pale; he shaved off his hair and beard, moustache and eyebrows; he put on a grey wig, a black suit, assumed a feeble voice, a stooping gait and a devout manner, and became a popular preacher at a camp meeting. Mrs. Southworth says he got away with it.

But Black Donald, terror of a countryside, and outlaw of a State, sworn by the altogether devilish Colonel Le Noir to kill Capitola, meets at last, at her girlish hands, a merited defeat. There comes a night when, determined "to make the girl his" before he kills her, he slips into the Hall, and makes a stealthy way to her room. (Do not forget the trap-door.)

For Capitola, face to face with Black Donald, though pale with the surprise of the midnight meeting, murmurs to herself: "Now, Cap, my dear, if you don't look sharp, your hour has come. Nothing on earth will save you, Cap, but your own wits. Now, Cap, my little man, be a woman, and don't stick at trifles. Think of Jael and Sisera! Think of Judith and Holofernes! And the Devil and Dr. Faustus, if necessary, and don't you blench!"

So she plays coolly with the black-hearted and bearded Donald, and by feigned retreats of a well-known coquettish nature, incites him to edge his chair more and more to the centre of the room—even upon the trap-door. Then, standing behind him, with that final spurt of true womanliness for which the Southworthian heroines are noted, she begs him, apropos of nothing seen, to think upon his mother, which he wrathfully refuses to do, and perhaps justly, for we do not know what manner of woman his mother was. Then:

"Black Donald, will you leave my room?" cried Capitola in an agony of prayer.

"No," answered the outlaw, "and the five minutes of grace are quite up."

"Stop, don't move yet. Before you stir,

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MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH

say 'Lord, have mercy on my soul,'" said Capitola solemnly. "I would not send you prayerless into the presence of your Creator! For, Black Donald, within a few seconds your body will be hurled to swift destruction, and your soul will stand before the bar of God!"

Her foot was on the bar of the concealed trap.

He laughed aloud and stretched forth his arms to clasp her.

She pressed the spring.

The drop fell with a tremendous crash!

The outlaw shot downward.

There was an instant's vision of a white and panic-stricken face, and wild, uplifted hands; then a square black opening was all that remained of where the terrible intruder had sat!

None the less, Black Donald was not killed, but was removed the next morning from the achievable bottom of this "fathomless pit," and was tried and sentenced to be hanged. Later, in all but as final an hour of his life, he was freed from jail by Capitola, aided desperately by the uttermost stretchings of Mrs. Southworth's imagination—who seems to have conceived a sort of fascinated literary passion for this particularly bad but brave son of her brain.

Capitola also saves an imprisoned maiden from a forced marriage to Craven Le Noir, the Colonel's son; for, braving the horrendous warning of Gaunt Harriet, the Seeress of Hidden Hollow, Cap Makes for Hidden House, discovers Clara Dal, Colonel Le Noir's

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heiress-ward, and the two winsome maidens are fast becoming friends when a door opened, admitting "a gentleman of tall and thin figure, and white, emaciated face, shaded by a luxuriant growth of black hair and beard. He could not have been more than twenty-six, but, prematurely broken by vice, he seemed forty years of age."

This wreck of manhood is Craven Le Noir, who has an unpleasant habit of biting the nails of four fingers when deeply brooding. As matters turn out, Capitola effects Clara's escape in her own clothes, and herself dons the bridal robes —for the forced marriage is set for four that afternoon. She is carried to the church and up its aisle undetected, and listens interestedly to the marriage service down to the vital interrogation: "Wilt thou have this man—" To which Capitola, casting off her veil, remarks firmly: "No, not if he were the last man and I the last woman on the face of the earth, and the human race were about to become extinct, and the Angel Gabriel came down from above to ask it of me as a personal favour!" This strikes both the Le Noirs as fairly conclusive, but, as Mrs. Southworth comments: "The effect of this outburst, this revelation, this explosion, may be imagined, but can never be adequately described!" Craven Le Noir placed his nails again between his teeth, and plotted diabolical downfall for the Madcap. He would malign her character so that no honest man would ever wive her, but in such a manner, merely by sneers, innuendoes and jests, so that positive assertions against her could never be traced back to him. He would also govern himself so in his deportment toward her as to "win back" her confidence in him, and, as soon as he had married her, he "would start for life-residence in Paris, the home of the epicurean."

But these black plans miscarry, as they deserved, and Capitola weds another, so far unmentioned in this poor résumé, but who careers, hero-wise, through the tale. Herbert is his name.

II. "ISHMAEL"

Ishmael, or, In the Depths, and its sequel, *Self-raised, or, From the Depths,* are two other serials that our grandmothers wept over, and these two novels should not be left unread by their descendants, male or female. Through intrigue, poverty, plottings, misfortunes, and, for many, many pages, the undeserved stigma of illegitimate birth, Ishmael Worth moves, "a veritable prince among men." He loves Claudia, the proud and haughty daughter of Judge Merlin, of Washington. Claudia loves Ishmael, but can she, the fairest beauty of them all, stoop to wed the base-born son of Norah Worth! Ten times no! She makes her début—gowned in point lace, white satin, and diamonds—at "the President's" and bows before "the majestic old man, with his kingly grey head bared. Fit to be the chief magistrate of a great, free people was he!" "I am very glad to see you, my dear," he said to Claudia. That night Claudia met the Viscount Vincent, late of London. Lord Vincent is a fine specimen of manhood, with stately head, fair complexion, and light-brown curling hair and beard. "And his simple evening dress of speckless black became him well." The afternoon of Claudia's marriage to the English lord, Ishmael drank half a tumbler of the best old Otard brandy—"without an instant's hesitation. Lord, be pitiful! And, oh, Norah, fly down from heaven on wings of love and save your son lest he fall into deeper depths than those from which he has so nobly struggled forth!"

Now, Lord Vincent, immaculate as to complexion and dress, is as to soul of an antithetical state, and in defiance of Claudia's wishes "to make a tour of the continent, visit all the American Ministers, and see London, Holyrood Palace, and the Abbey," he rushes her to Castle Craig, situate upon a high promontory that, at full tide, is cut off from the coast. Its drawbridge and "its ghastly, iron-toothed portcullis" appall Lady Vincent.

Another surprise—to the bride and

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reader—awaits in the hall beyond. Scotch dialect, in the persons of Cuthbert and Mrs. Murdoch, greets: Says Cuthbert: "Yes, me laird, tho' as ye ken, th' chiels at yon office hae ta sen' it by special messenger." And Mrs. Murdoch, not to be outdone, thickly utters: "Hech sairs, I'm e'en reddy ta haud me ain' wi' ainy lassie i' th' haus. I'll ga breng th' tea. . . . Me leddy, she hae nae ben seen, puir boddie, sin' las' e'en a' gloaming. She didna coom ta sup, an' she didna us' ta be that cairless anent her bit an' sup." The ringing of any servant's bell at Castle Craig brings inevitably in its wake this special brand of human speech.

On this first night at Castle Craig Claudia causes herself to be arrayed in maize moiré, and sweeps into the grand saloon in full consciousness that she *is* Viscountess Vincent and Lady of the Castle. On the threshold she pauses, however, in amazement: not for nothing was this particular chapter called FAUSTINA!

Upon a divan—crimson—she beheld reclining a transcendently beautiful woman—in white moiré-antique, asleep. One hand "supported a head that Rubens would have loved to paint." She was an Oriental beauty. The forehead was broad and low, the nose fine and straight, the lips plump and full, and the chin small and rounded. The eyebrows were black and arched, the eyelashes long and drooping, the eyes were jewels floating in liquid fire.

Claudia, doubting with the doubt of another beautiful woman that the creature really slept, none the less approached and looked her over, and the more she looked the more she hated. Lord Vincent approaching, his lady looked a thousand queries, but ignoring them all he bent low over the sleeper, and whispered "Faustina!"

Even Claudia admitted that the creature's awaking was beautiful:

> The drooping, black-fringed lids slowly lifted from the eyes—two large, black orbs of soft fire—and the plump, crimson lips opened and dropped two liquid notes of perfect music—the syllables of his baptismal name:
>
> "Malcolm!"
>
> "Faustina, you are dreaming! Awaken! Remember where you are!" he said in a low voice. . . . "Lady Vincent, this is Mrs. Dugald," said the viscount.
>
> Claudia bent her head with an air of the most freezing hauteur. Mrs. Dugald also bent hers, but immediately threw it up and shook it back with a smile. So graceful was this motion that it can be compared to nothing but the bend and rebound of a lily.

But Claudia detected a strange glance of intelligence between Faustina and Malcolm, and saw the beauty's eyes flash from their sheath of softness—two living stilettoes pointed with death! After dinner Faustina sings, and Claudia knows the woman has seen the stage. An engraving in a music book tells all: La Faustina as Norma!

In less than an hour the plot boils and thickens. Claudia enters what she holds to be her own boudoir. But the hangings are different. Hers were golden brown; these are "rosy-red!" Voices root her to the spot—Faustina's and the viscount's. *"How* can you make me your viscountess!" wails Faustina. *"She* is your viscountess!"

> *"Yes, for a little while,* and a little while only! Until she has served the purpose for which I married her! And no longer," said the viscount.
>
> *"Ah, what do you mean!"*
>
> "'Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, till you approve the dead,'" quoted Lord Vincent. . . . "She is unfaithful to me in thought, but I will make it appear that she is unfaithful in deed, and send her, dishonoured, from the castle."
>
> *"Ciel!"* said Faustina.

Now, Frisbie, his lordship's valet, quite accidentally murders a housemaid, and the knowledgeful viscount is able to make Frisbie accessory to his own crimes. Claudia's retainers are *chloroformed*—chloroform was as new then to fiction as

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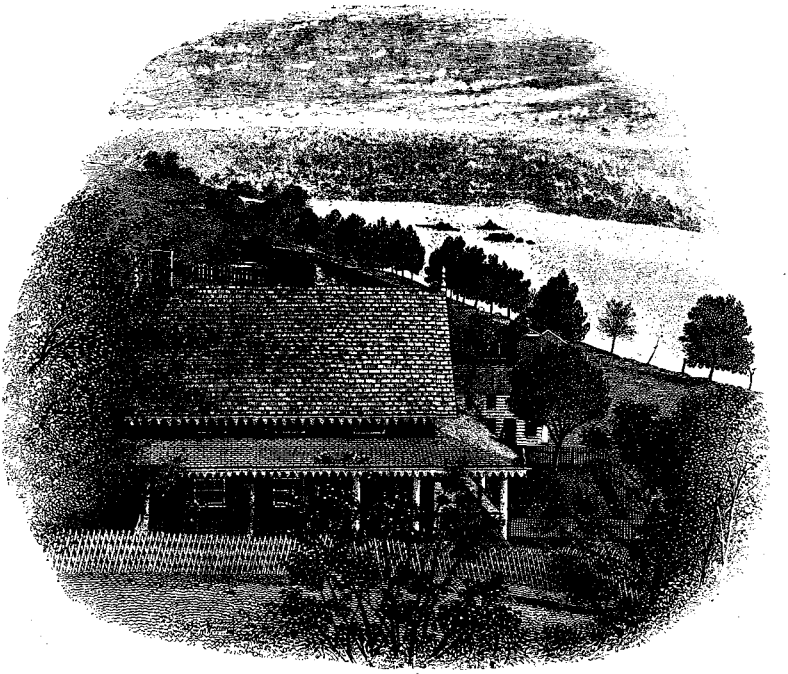
the Great War is to-day—and thrust into the castle vaults, and Claudia is driven forth from Castle Craig. But at this unfortunate conjunction of her proud stars, Ishmael, "as the Angel Gabriel," appears, fresh from shipwreck and heroism, to rescue her bedraggled name. To Faustina's shrieks of *"Mon Dieu!"* he orders the arrest of the viscount, and when Faustina is handcuffed the invocative resources of the French language are well nigh wrecked. *"Ah, ciel,"* she shrieks. "Let me go. *Alors!* but *mon Dieu!* What will become of me! Oh, *mon Dieu,* must I leave this beautiful place! *Grande Ciel! Grande Dieu!* Put me a lace cap in my night bag, and that last novel of Paul-du-Koch! *Tout les Diables!* I shall die in that horrible place! *Scelerate!* make this beast of a carriage closer! *Ah! coquinaille!* open the window again! it is *infame* to treat a lady so! *Thsche!* let me at him! *Quel horreur!* I will not stay here! *Imbecille, coquinaille,* how dare you! *Ah! Ciel! Grande Ciel! Grande Dieu!"*

Frisbie is hanged, the viscount commits suicide, Faustina is sentenced to hard labour for many years, and all that Ishmael says to Claudia when they meet is: "I hope I find you well, Lady Vincent!" with eyes full of respectful sympathy. But hers—oh, hers! She did not mean to look at him so, but sometimes the soul in agony will burst all bounds, and:

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."



PROSPECT COTTAGE. MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S POTOMAC HOME

For Ishmael, laden with honours and honour, is betrothed to Bee, golden-haired, dutiful, devoted. Her he weds, and passes onward and upward to the highest eminence of statecraft and gentlemanhood, never to quaff old Otard brandy again. He becomes illustrious!

Besides these are other novels. Among them *The Bride's Ordeal* and its sequel, *Her Love or Her Life.*

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III. "THE BRIDE'S ORDEAL"

The Bride's Ordeal, as portrayed by Mrs. Southworth, is a psychological one, and begins with the receipt of a heavy packing box, on her wedding morn. Erma, the bride, has it opened, and bends to look within. What was it she saw there? What turned her face so wild and white with horror? What caused her to throw herself across the open box, shrieking: "Cover it up! Cover it up! Oh, my soul! Cover it up from all human sight forever and ever!" Dear reader, unless your own horror forces you to skip to—approximately—page 329 of the sequel, you will not know until many hours have passed. Later on her bridal day, a daguerreotype in her new home tells Erma what she had not known before—that her husband's (supposedly) murdered stepfather had met his (supposed) death at *her father's hands.* "Oh, angels have pity on me!" breathed Erma. "Fate closes around me! Shall I go mad? My husgand's murdered father—Gustav Perlemonte! The annals of civilised life do not record such an unnatural marriage!"

However, the marriage proceeds, though not without interruptions. Within a year the young husband, Rudolph Wolfsohn, goes forth to the Mexican war of 1846, and Erma receives news of her (supposedly hanged) father's escape from the gallows and jail, through a printed reward offered for the apprehension of Otho Herne, "fifty years of age, six feet in height, with gaunt form and stooping shoulders, fair complexion, light brown hair cut short, long, thin face, high forehead, light grey eyes, aquiline nose, and long, beardless chin."

Therefore, when Erma returns from a Northern journey with her new overseer: ". . . a tall, erect, handsome man, with dark olive complexion, fine features, large, luminous dark eyes, short, curling black hair, and long, flowing black beard, of about thirty-five years of age," we do not, unless bred to the scent of Southworthian disguises, perceive that the overseer and Otho Herne are one. Erma had qualms of fear now and then, but her father reassures her as to the security of his "disguise." "The disguise," says he, "that changes a blond old gentleman into a brunette young man is too perfect. The padded chest and shoulder braces that give erect carriage to a stooping frame, the black wig and full black beard that cover the scant hair and smooth chin, and the belladonna that enlarges and darkens the light blue eyes—these are disguises that your simple country people could never see through."

Indeed they do not.

IV. "CRUEL AS THE GRAVE"

Sybil of *Cruel as the Grave* and *Tried for Her Life,* who has (supposedly) murdered a blonde lady house guest of whom she was (really) jealous, while fleeing for her life and swooning on the way, finds herself, on her recovery from her death-like swoon, being borne through a tortuous underground passage by the light of a gleaming red taper and the hands of mysterious, gigantic, masked forms, into (finally) a dazzling cavern, whose walls and roofs were completely covered with pure, pearl-like spar, pendent crystals and stalactites, that "as they caught stray sunbeams" glowed, burned, blazed, and sparkled like diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires! The floor was thickly carpeted with living moss "of the most brilliant hues of green, grey, rose, and cerulean blue!" "For into this enchanting palace of nature the light entered from many imperceptible crevices," and through it roared ever the fearful sound of subterranean waters!

Sybil is deposited at the feet of a red-cloaked, elfin-faced, malign-eyed, wild black-haired young girl with these terrible words: "Here she is, Princess, so work your will upon her!" Appeared almost forthwith another girl, "so bloodless her complexion was bluish white," and with her ashy hair and eyes she presented perforce an aspect that was "cold, damp, clammy, and corpse-like." She had also a "shrill, thin, reed-like voice."

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She was yclept Prosperine, servant to old Hecate, cook of the cavern.

At supper appear the robber band, gifted evidently with knowledge of Christian and pagan myths. For their aliases are brief and terrifying: Moloch, Belial, and the like, with their coldly handsome captain (who murdered the blonde) known to them as *Satan!* By these brutal men Sybil is made Queen of the Outlaws! To be known as The Spirit of Fire!

Sybil's home is Black Hall, situate in Black Valley, near Blackville, upon Black River, reached through a black defile known as Devil's Descent, at whose end lives a black ferryman named Charon, guardian of Black Torrent. On the night of the blonde lady's murder Sybil is giving a masked ball, at which she appears as Fire: "Ah, Rosa Blondelle! take heed! Better that you should come between the lioness and her young than between Sybil Berners and her love! You had better walk the abyss of Hades than come between Sybil Berners and her husband!" For Sybil was still as a volcano before it bursts forth to bury cities under its burning lava flood! "Now smile, eyes! smile, lips! flatter, tongue! Be a siren among the sirens, Sybil! Be a serpent among the serpents!" she hissed, as she glided down the stairs.

But "Satan" Blondelle, baptised "Horace," was an uninvited guest at the masked ball, come hither as Death! He wore a tight-fitting suit of elastic material, and black, but upon it was painted, in strong white relief, the blanched bones of a skeleton. His skull cap was white with the skeleton features painted black, and he was indeed a ghastly figure. He it was who slew the dainty Rosa, but she, seeing her rescuer, Sybil, standing above her, accuses her with her dying breath, and Sybil, in her fiery masquerade dress, with pallid face and blazing eyes, her wild black hair streaming, her crimsoned hand grasping the blood-stained dagger, more effectually accuses herself. Hence her flight, her swoon, and the Outlaws' Cavern. The confession of "Satan" Blondelle comes late, but not too late, nor too early, for Mrs. Southworth's purposes. It fully vindicates Sybil's honour!

V. "FAIR PLAY" AND ITE SEQUEL

Any essay at criticism of the Southworth novels were incomplete without mention at least of *Fair Play* and its sequel, *How He Won Her.* For these two thrillers dealt with two phases of life then comparatively new to fiction: the foreign missionary field, and the Civil War. Britomarte Conyers, heroine, is one of the early martial young women of fiction, with a "hatred" of men, a "deep mystery" in her life, and a vow to mission work in farther India. She refuses to wed Justin Rosenthal, and embarks; so, unknown to her till they are five days out, does Justin. Thus profoundly does he love her. There is an almighty storm at sea, and, after as many chapters as can be wrenched from the old *Ledger* space, Justin, Britomarte, and for propriety's dear sake, a serving woman, Judith, discover themselves upon a desert isle. Here are cocoanuts, a cave, sugar cane, little sweet-fleshed native pigs, and strange but appetising birds. Also, fixed fast to a lance-like rock, the ship, with its stores of cows, chickens, cats, china, and silver. Here, for two years they live purely and resignedly, while in America, with all the intensity of "thriller" patriotism, gather the clouds of the Civil War. Then, "on the edge of the horizon," appears a ship, the *Sea Scourge,* with a captain, one Spear, in whom Justin cannot feel full confidence, for his ship flies a strange flag—the flag, to be brief, of the new Conferedate States. When Justin, two years behind the times, discovers all, he, as Ishmael Worth himself would have done, shakes "the rebel hound" by the throat, and thrusts him into fetters and cave. Another year and another storm brings another ship flying the Stars and Stripes, and Britomarte's rapture bursts forth in song. When she came to the chorus her island companions joined her in singing:

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'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And the men in the coming boat responded:

'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long *shall* it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

The garb of man upon the limbs of woman is always a favourite expedient with Mrs. Southworth. Home again, Britomarte still refuses to marry Justin, who thereupon joins the Northern army. Then follows the tale of Justin and his devoted body servant, Wing, a scrubby little boy who is his aid, and whose daring is beyond the dreams of even a conscience-smitten coward! Also follow battles, guerrilla warfare, abductions of fiery Northern maids by impassioned Southrons, forced marriages, death-bed repentings of wounded Rebels, and the acknowledged discomforts of Libby prison. At last, as Justin lies all but dying on a battle field, his faithful Wing creeps out to find him. Wing asks for a final message to the "one best beloved." "Beyond this field of battle," says Justin solemnly, "there is none to whom I care to send a message." As Wing weeps convulsively, Justin murmurs:

"Britomarte!"

"Justin, Justin, my beloved!" exclaimed Britomarte, who we shall no longer call by her assumed name of Wing. . . . "Tell me, Justin, how it was you recognised me from the beginning. I thought I was well disguised, and I am a good actress with almost a Protean power of changing my face, and with a ventriloquist's gift of changing my voice!"

"Yes, you were well disguised. You had sacrificed your tresses, and had put on a skull cap wig of stiff, short, bristling, flaxen hair, and drawn it tight and low over your forehead. You had shaved off your arched black eyebrows, quite altering the expression of your eyes. You had widened your mouth by two deep lines in the corner. You had put yourself in the uniform of a United States soldier, and you always carried four or five pebbles in your mouth to make you speak thickly. And yet when I saw you in the ranks, in the ugly little raw recruit I recognised my beautiful Britomarte."

Thus spoke the (supposedly) dying man.

And so these thrilling old tales run on! *The Phantom Wedding, The Fatal Secret, The Spectre Lover, The Beautiful Fiend, The Lost Heiress, The Prince of Darkness, The Curse of Clifton, The Gypsey's Prophecy,* all bear tribute to the real power of Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte Southworth. Her pen, turned to the unfamiliar pastures of Scottish dialect, may have slipped on rolling stones, but set free to browse in the fertile fields of Virginia darkeydom and mountain ranges, it meets with not a single misstep. The tales are told with leisure and curious detail, but in the old *Ledger* days, before "efficiency" became the keynote of the publisher, authors were paid by the line. This is why long recountings are so often interrupted by single-hearted ejaculations, and why paragraphing is a simple matter of sentences, and those of the briefest—as the quoted account of Black Donald's (supposed) demise:

He laughed aloud.
She pressed the spring.
The drop fell.
The outlaw shot downward.

Awful descriptions are the order of the Southworth pages. Vast mountains and ravines abound. It was indeed an awful pass! A road roughly hewn through the bottom of a deep, tortuous cleft in the mountains, where at some remote period, by some tremendous convulsion of nature, the solid rocks had been rent apart, leaving the ragged edges of the wound hanging at a dizzy height between heaven and earth. It was a wild and beautiful ruin, this Gothic edifice, the Haunted Chapel, through whose graveyard ran a little rill, the offspring of the wild waterfall whose

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roaring could be heard for miles, and whose foam boiled as if by fire of the gods! The Devil's Staircase, the Devil's Ladder, the Devil's Punch Bowl, the Demon's Drop, the Devil's Dripping Pan, are self-explanatory of the landscapes in which they figure. Disguises, beautiful fiends who murmur *"Ciel!"* or scream *"Tout les diables!"* the old midwife, the changed children or the stolen darling, the real infant heir to Chateau Dubarry, the faithful negro slaves, and the outlawed band—all these abound, together with jealousies, impassioned love, counterplots, *and delicacy,* without which latter aid to life and love the still-enduring fame of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth could not be.

TWO BOOK HUNTERS IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY BELLE AND KERMIT ROOSEVELT

THE true bibliophile will always find time to exercise his calling no matter where he happens to be, or in what manner he is engaged in making his daily bread. In some South American cities, more particularly in Buenos Ayres, there is so little to do outside of one's office that were there more old bookstores it would be what Eugene Field would have called a bibliomaniac's paradise. To us wanderers on the face of the earth serendipity in its more direct application to book collecting is a most satisfactory pursuit; for it requires but little capital, and in our annual flittings to "somewhere else" our purchases necessitate but the minimum of travelling space. There are two classes of bibliophiles—those to whom the financial side is of little or no consequence, and those who, like the clerk of the East India House, must count their pennies, and save, and go without other things to counterbalance an extravagance in the purchase of a coveted edition. To the former class these notes may seem over worldly in their frequent allusion to prices; but to its authors the financial side must assume its relative importance.

BRAZIL'S NATIVE LITERATURE

Among the South American Republics, Brazil undeniably takes precedence from a literary standpoint. Most Brazilians, from Lauro Muller, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the postmaster of the little frontier town, have at some period in their lives published, or at all events written, a volume of prose or verse. It comes to them from their natural surroundings, and by inheritance, for once you except Cervantes, the Portuguese have a greater literature than the Spaniards. There is therefore in Brazil an excellent and widely read native literature, and in almost every home there are to be found the works of such poets as Goncalves Diaz and Castro Alves, and historians, novelists, and essayists like Taunay, Couto de Magalhaens, Alencar, and Coelho Netto. Taunay's most famous novel, *Innocencia,* a tale of life in frontier state of Matto Grosso,—"the great wilderness," has been translated into seven languages, including the Japanese and Polish. The literature of the mother country is also generally known; Camões is read in the schools, and a quotation from the Lusiads is readily capped by a casual acquaintance in the remotest wilderness town. Portuguese poets and playwrights like Almeda Garret, Bocage, Quental and Guerra Junquera; and historians and novelists such as Herculano, Eça de Queiroz or Castello Branco are widely read.

In Brazil, as throughout South America, French is almost universally read; cheap editions of the classics are found in most homes, and bookstores are filled with modern French writers of prose or

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verse;—sometimes in translation, and as frequently in the original. Rio de Janeiro and São Paolo abound in old bookstores, which are to be found in fewer numbers in other of the larger towns, such as Manaos, Para, Pernambuco, Bahia, Curytiba, or Porto Alegre. In the smaller towns of the interior one runs across only new books, although occasionally those who possess the "flaire" may chance upon some battered treasure.

TALES OF THE TRAIL BLAZERS

The line which is of most interest, and in South America presents the greatest latitude, is undoubtedly that of early voyages and discoveries. Probably it was because they were in a greater or less degree voyages or explorers themselves, that the Americans and English who came to South America seventy or eighty years ago brought with them books of exploration and travel, both contemporary and ancient. Many of these volumes, now rare in the mother country, are to be picked up for a song in the old bookstores of the New World.

The accounts of the Conquistadores and early explorers, now in the main inaccessible except in great private collections or museums, have frequently been reprinted, and if written in a foreign tongue, translated, in the country which they describe. Thus the account of Père Yveux was translated and printed in Moranhão in 1878, and this translation is now itself rare. We picked up a a copy for fifty cents in a junk store in Bahia; but in São Paolo had to pay the market price for the less rare translation of Hans Stade's captivity. Ulrich Schmidel's entertaining account of the twenty years of his life spent in the first half of the sixteenth century in what is now Argentina, Paraguay and Brazil, has been excellently translated into Spanish by an Argentine of French descent, Lafoyne Quevedo, the head of the La Plata museum. We had never seen the book until one day at the judicial auction held by the heirs of a prominent Argentine lawyer. Books published in Buenos Ayres are as a whole abominably printed, but this was really beautiful, so we determined to get it. The books were being sold in ill-assorted lots, and this one was with three other volumes; one was an odd volume of Italian poetry, one a religious treatise, and the third a medical book. Bidding had been low, and save for standard legal books, the lots had been going at two or three dollars apiece. Our lot quickly went to five dollars. There was soon only one man bidding against us. We could not understand what he wanted, but thought that perhaps the Schmidel was worth more than we had imagined. Our blood was up and we began trying to frighten our opponent by substantial raises; at fourteen he dropped out. The dealers in common with everyone else were much intrigued at the high bidding; and clearly felt that something had escaped them. The mystery was solved when our opponent hurried over to ask what we wanted for the odd volume of Italian verse;—it belonged to him and he had loaned it to the defunct lawyer shortly before his death. We halved the expenses and the lot; and as a curious sequel, later found that the medical book which had quite accidentaly fallen to our share was worth between fifteen and twenty dollars.

COMPARATIVE PRICES

Prices in Brazil seemed very high in comparison with those of Portugal and Spain; but low when compared with Argentina. On the west coast we found books slightly less expensive than in Brazil, where, however, the prices have remained the same as before the war, though the drop in exchange has given the foreigner the benefit of a twenty-five per cent. reduction. There are a fair number of auctions, and old books are also sold through priced lists, published in the daily papers. We obtained our best results by search in the bookshops. It was in this way that we got for three dollars the first edition of Castelleux's *Voyage dans la Partie Sep-*

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tentrionale de l'Amerique, in perfect condition, and for one dollar Jordan's *Guerra do Paraguay,* for which a bookseller in Buenos Ayres had asked, as a tremendous bargain, twelve dollars.

In São Paolo after much searching we found Santos Saraiva's paraphrase of the Psalms, a famous translation quite as beautiful as our own English version. The translator was born in Lisbon. His father was a Jewish rabbi, but he entered the Catholic Church, became a priest, and went to an inland parish in Southern Brazil. After some years he left the Church and settled down with a Brazilian woman in a small out-of-the-way fazenda, where he translated the Psalms, and also composed a Greek lexicon that is regarded as a masterpiece. He later became instructor in Greek in Mackenzie College in São Paolo, confining his versatile powers to that institution until he died.

TREASURE HUNTING IN BUENOS AYRES

The dearth of native literature in Buenos Ayres is not surprising, for nature has done little to stimulate it, and in its fertility much to create the commercialism that reigns supreme. The country is in large part rolling prairie land, and although there is an attraction about it in its wild state, which has called forth a gaucho literature that chiefly takes form in long and crude ballads, the magic of the prairie land is soon destroyed by houses, factories, dumpheaps and tin cans. At first sight it would appear hopeless ground for a bibliophile, but with time and patience we found a fair number of old bookstores; and there rarely passes a week without a book auction, or at any rate an auction where some books are put up.

Among the pleasantest memories of our life in Buenos Ayres are those of motoring in to a sale, from our house in Belgrano along the famous Avenida Alvear on starlit nights, with the Southern Cross high and brilliant. Occasionally when the books we were interested in were far between, we would slip out of the smoke-laden room for a cup of unrivalled coffee at the Café Paulista, or to watch Charlie Chaplin as "Carlitos" amuse the Argentine public.

The great percentage of the books one sees at auctions or in bookstores are strictly utilitarian; generally either on law or medicine. In the old bookstores there are, as in Boston, rows of religious books, on which the dust lies undisturbed. In Argentine literature there are two or three famous novels; most famous of these is probably Marmol's *Amalia,* a bloodthirsty and badly written story of the reign of Rosas—the gaucho Nero. Bunge's *Novela de la Sangre* is an excellently given but equally lurid account of the same period. *La Gloria de Don Ramiro,* by Rodriguez Larreta, is a well-written tale of the days of Philip the Second. The author, the present Argentine minister in Paris, spent some two years in Spain studying the local setting of his romance. Most Argentines, if they have not read these novels at least know the general plots and the more important characters. The literature of the mother country is little read and as a rule looked down upon by the Argentines, who are more apt to read French or even English. *La Nacion,* which is one of the two great morning papers, and owned by a son of Bartholome Mitre, publishes a cheap uniform edition, which is formed of some Argentine reprints and originals, but chiefly of French and English translations. The latest publication is advertised on the front page of the newspaper, and one often runs across "old friends" whose "new faces" cause a momentary check to the memory; such as *La Feria de Vanidades,* the identity of which is clear when one reads that the author is Thackeray. This "Biblioteca de la Nacion" is poorly got up and printed on wretched paper, but seems fairly widely read and will doubtless stimulate the scarcely existent literary side of the Argentine, and in due time bear fruit. Translations of Nick Carter and the "penny dreadfuls" are rife, but a native writer, Gutierrez, who wrote in the seventies and eighties, created a national

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hero, Juan Moreira, who was a benevolent Billy the Kid, Gutierrez wrote many "dramas policiales," which are well worth reading for the light they throw in their side touches on "gaucho" life of those days.

THE LIBRARY IN ARGENTINA

Argentines are justifiably proud of Bartholome Mitre, their historian soldier, who was twice president; and of Sarmiento, essayist and orator, who was also president, and who introduced the educational reforms whose application he had studied in the United States. Mitre first published his history of General Belgrano, of revolutionary fame, in two volumes in 1859. It has run through many editions; the much enlarged one in four volumes is probably more universally seen in private houses than any other Argentine book. The first edition is now very rare and worth between forty and fifty dollars; but in a cheap Italian stationery store we found a copy in excellent condition, and paid for it only four dollars and fifty cents. The edition of 1887 brings anywhere from twenty to thirty dollars. Many copies were offered at sales, but we delayed in hopes of a better bargain, and one night our patience was rewarded. It was at the fag end of a private auction of endless rooms of cheap and tawdry furniture that the voluble auctioneer at length reached the contents of the solitary bookcase. Our coveted copy was knocked down to us at eight dollars.

In native houses one very rarely finds what we would even dignify by the name of library. Generally a fair-sized bookcase of ill-assorted volumes is regarded as such. There are, however, excellent legal and medical collections to be seen, and Dr. Moreno's colonial quinta, with its well-filled shelves, chiefly volumes of South American exploration and development from the earliest times, forms a marked exception—an oasis in the desert. We once went to stay in the country with some Argentines, who seeing us arrive with books in our hands, proudly offered the use of their library, to which we had often heard their friends make reference. For some time we were greatly puzzled as to the location of this much talked of collection, and were fairly staggered on having a medium-sized bookcase, half of which was taken up by a set of excerpts from the "world's great thinkers and speakers," in French, pointed out as "the library."

As a rule the first thing a family will part with is its books. There are two sorts of auctions,—judicial and booksellers'. The latter class are held by dealers who are having bad times and hope to liquidate some of their stock, but there are always cappers in the crowd who keep bidding until a book is as high, and often higher than its market price. The majority of the books are generally legal or medical; and there is always a good number of young students who hope to get reference books cheaply. Most of the books are in Spanish, but there is a good sprinkling of French, and often a number of English, German, and Portuguese, though these last are no more common in Argentina than are Spanish books in Brazil. At one auction there were a number of Portuguese lots which went for far more than they would have brought in Rio or São Paolo. Translations from the Portuguese are infrequent; the only ones we can recall were of Camões and Eça de Queiroz. In Brazil the only translation from Spanish we met with was of Don Quixote.

THE DEMAND FOR ENGLISH BOOKS

English books generally go reasonably at auctions. We got a copy of Page's *Paraguay and the River Plate* for twenty-five cents, but on another occasion had some very sharp bidding for Wilcox's *History of Our Colony in the River Plate,* London, 1807, written during the brief period when Buenos Ayres was an English possession. It was finally knocked down to us at twelve dollars; and after the auction our opponent offered us twice what he had let us have it for; we don't yet know what it is

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worth. The question of values is a difficult one, for there is little or no data to go upon; in consequence the element of chance is very considerable. From several sources in the book world, we heard a wild and most improbable tale of how Quaritch and several other London houses had many years ago sent a consignment of books to be auctioned in the Argentine; and that the night of the auction was so cold and disagreeable that the exceedingly problematical buyers were still further reduced. The auction was held in spite of conditions and incanabula are reported to have gone at a dollar apiece.

There was one judicial auction that lasted for the best part of a week,—the entire stock of a large bookstore that had failed. They were mostly new books, and such old ones as were of any interest were interspersed in lots of ten or more of no value. The attendance was large and bidding was high. To get the few books we wanted we had also to buy a lot of waste material; but when we took this to a small and heretofore barren bookstore to exchange, we found a first edition of the three first volumes of *Kosmos,* for which, with a number in Portuguese and Spanish books thrown in, we made the exchange. We searched long and without success for the fourth volume, but as the volumes were published at long intervals it is probable that the former owner had only possessed the three.

A BYRON FIND

Our best finds were made not at auctions but in bookstores,—often in little combination book,—cigar,—and stationery shops. We happened upon one of these latter one Saturday noon on our way to lunch at a little Italian restaurant, where you watched your chicken being most deliciously roasted on a spit before you. Chickens were forgotten, and during two hours breathless hunting, we found many good things, among them a battered old copy of Byron's poems, which had long since lost its bindings. Pasted in it was the following original letter of Byron's, which as far as we know has never before been published:

A MONSIEUR,
MONSIEUR GALIGNANI,
18 Rue Vivienne,
Paris.

SIR: In various numbers of your journal I have seen mentioned a work entitled *The Vampire,* with the addition of my name as that of the author. I am not the author, and never heard of the work in question until now. In a more recent paper I perceive a formal annunciation of *The Vampire,* with the addition of an account of my "residence in the Island of Mitylane," an island which I have occasionally sailed by in the course of travelling some years ago through the Levant—and where I should have no objection to reside—but where I have never yet resided. Neither of these performances are mine—and I presume that it is neither unjust nor ungracious to request that you will favour me by contradicting the advertisement to which I allude. If the book is clever, it would be base to deprive the real writer—whoever he may be—of his honours—and if stupid I desire the responsibility of nobody's dulness but my own. You will excuse the trouble I give you—the imputation is of no great importance—and as long as it was confined to surmises and reports—I should have received it as I have received many others—in silence. But the formality of a public advertisement of a book I never wrote, and a residence where I never resided—is a little too much—particularly as I have no notion of the contents of the one—nor the incidents of the other. I have besides a personal dislike to "vampires," and the little acquaintance I have with them would by no means induce me to divulge their secrets. You did me a much less injury by your paragraphs about "my devotion" and "abandonment of society for the sake of religion"—which appeared in your *Messenger* during last Lent—all of which are not founded on fact—but you see I do not contradict them, because they are merely personal, whereas the others in some degree concern the reader. . . .

You will oblige me by complying with

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my request for contradiction. I assure you that I know nothing of the work or works in question—and have the honour to be (as the correspondents to magazines say) "your constant reader" and very

obedt
humble Servt,
BYRON.

To the editor of *Galignani's Messenger*.
Etc., etc., etc.
Venice, April 27, 1819.

Curiously enough the book itself had been published by Galignani in 1828. The cost of our total purchases, a goodly heap, amounted to but five dollars.

PALUMBO THE IRRITABLE

The balance in quantity if not in quality in old books is held in Buenos Ayres by three brothers named Palumbo, —Italians. The eldest is a surly old man who must be treated with severity from the very beginning. How he manages to support himself we do not know, for whenever we were in his store we were sure to hear him assail some customer most abusively. In a small subsidiary store of his, among a heap of old pamphlets, we came upon the original folios of Humboldt's account of the fauna and flora of South America. Upon asking the price the man said thirty-five apiece,—we thought he meant pesos, and our surprise was genuine when we found he meant centavos,—about fifteen cents. From him we got the first edition of Kendall's *Santa Fé Expedition*. One of his brothers was very pleasant and probably, in consequence, the most prosperous of the three. The third was reputed crazy, and certainly acted so, but after an initial encounter we became friends and got on famously. All three had a very fair idea of the value of Argentine books, but know little or nothing about English.

Another dealer who has probably a better stock than any of the Palumbos is a man named Realy Taylor. His grandmother was English, and his father spent his life dealing in books. At his death the store was closed and the son started speculating in land with the money his father had left him. Prices soared and he bought, but when the crash came he was caught with many others. Bethinking himself of his father's books, he took them out of storage and opened a small booth. The stock was large and a good part of it has not yet been unpacked. Taylor has only a superficial knowledge of what he deals in. He shears folios, strips off original boards and old leathers to bind in new pasteboard, and raises the price five or ten dollars after the process. In this he is no different from the rest, for after a fairly comprehensive experience in Buenos Ayres we may give it as our opinion that there is not a single dealer who knows the "rules" as they are observed by scores of dealers in America and England. Taylor had only one idea, and that was that if anyone were interested in a book, that book must be of great value; he would name a ridiculous price, and it was a question of weeks and months before he would reduce it to anything within the bounds of reason. We never really got very much from him; the best things being several old French books of early voyages to South America and a first edition of Anson's *Voyage Around the World*. Just before we left he decided to auction off his stock, putting up five hundred lots a month. The first auction lasted three nights. The catalogue was amusing, giving a description of each book in bombastic fashion,—all were "unique in interest," and about every third was the "only copy extant outside the museums." He had put base prices on most, and for the rest had arranged with cappers. The attendance was very small and nearly everything was bid in. It was curious to see how to the last he held that any book that anyone was interested in must be of unusual worth. There was put up a French translation of Azara's *Quadrupeds of Paraguay*. The introduction was by Cuvier, but it was not of great interest to us, for a friend had given us the valuable original Spanish edition.

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Taylor had asked fifteen dollars, which we had regarded as out of the question; he then took off the original binding, cut and coloured the pages and rebound it,—asking twenty dollars. At the auction we thought we would get it, if it went for very little; but when we bid Taylor got up and told the auctioneer to say that as it was a work of unique value he had put as base price fifteen dollars each for the two volumes. The auction was a failure, and as it had been widely and expensively advertised the loss must have been considerable.

RAMBLING ACQUISITIONS

As a whole we found the booksellers of a disagreeable temperament. In one case we almost came to blows; luckily not until we had looked over the store thoroughly and bought all we really wanted, among them a first edition of Howells's *Italian Journeys* in perfect condition, for twenty-five cents. There were, of course, agreeable exceptions, such as the old French-Italian, from whom, after many months' intermittent bargaining, we bought Le Vaillant's *Voyage en Afrique,* the first edition, with most delightful steel engravings. He at first told us he was selling it at a set price on commission, which is what we found they often said when they thought you wanted a book and wished to preclude bargaining. This old man had Amsterdam catalogues that he consulted in regard to prices when, as could not have been often the case, he found in them references to books he had in stock. We know of no Argentine old bookstore that prints a catalogue.

In the larger provincial cities of Argentina we met with singularly little success. In Cordoba the only reward of an eager search was a battered paper-covered copy of *All on the Irish Shore,* with which we were glad to renew an acquaintance that had lapsed for several years. We had had such high hopes of Cordoba, as being the old university town and early centre of learning! There was indeed one trail that seemed to promise well, and we diligently pursued vague stories of a "viejo" who had trunks of old books in every language, but when we eventually found his rooms, opening off a dirty little patio, they were empty and bereft; and we learned from a grimy brood of children that he had gone to the hospital in Buenos Ayres and died there, and that his boxes had been taken away by they knew not whom.

IN SANTIAGO AND VALPARAISO

As in Argentina, the best known Chilian writers are historians or lawyers; and in our book hunts in Santiago we encountered more or less the same conditions that held in Buenos Ayres—shelf upon shelf of legal or medical reference books and technical treatises. The works of certain well-known historians, such as Vicuña Mackenna and Amonategui, consistently command relatively high prices; but as a whole books are far cheaper on the west side of the Andes. One long afternoon in the Calle San Diego stands out. It was a rich find, but we feel that the possibilities of that store are still unexhausted. That afternoon's trove included the first edition of Mungo Park's *Travels* with the delightful original etchings; a *History of Guatemala,* written by the Dominican missionaries, published in 1619, an old leather-bound folio, in excellent shape; a first edition of Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,* and three of the eight volumes of *State Papers and Publick Documents of the United States.* In these last there was James Monroe's bookplate, and it was curious to imagine how these volumes from his library had found their way to a country where his "doctrine" has been the subject of such bitter discussion and so much misinterpretation. The value of the original covers was no more understood in Chile than in Argentina, and we got a complete set of Vicuña Mackenna's *Campana de Tacna* in the original pamphlets, as published, for but half what was currently asked for bound and mutilated copies.

Valparaiso proved a barren field, and

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although one of the chief delights in bookhunting lies in the fact that you can never feel that you have completely exhausted the possibilities of a place, we came nearer to feeling that way about Valparaiso than we ever had about a town before. We found but one store that gave any promise, and from it all we got were the first seven volumes of Dickens's *Household Words* in perfect condition, and the *Campaign of the Rapidan*.

The little coast towns of Chile and Peru are almost as barren as the desert rocks and sand hills that surround them; but even here we had occasional surprises, as when we picked up for fifty cents, at Antofogast, a desloate, thriving little mining port in the north of Chile, Vicuña Mackenna's *Life of O'Higgins,* for which the current price is from ten to fifteen dollars. Another time, in Coquimbo, we saw a man passing alone the street with a hammered copper bowl that we coveted; and following, we found him the owner of a junk shop filled with a heterogeneous collection of old clothes, broken and battered furniture, horse trappings, and a hundred and one odds and ends, among which were scattered some fifty or sixty books. One of these was a first edition of Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales* in the familiar old brown boards of Ticknor and Company.

THE PILGRIMS IN PERU

Our South American bookhunting ended in Lima, the entrancing old city of the Kings, once the capital of the New World, and not yet robbed by this commercial age of all its glamour and backwardness. We expected much, knowing that when the Chilians occupied the city in 1880 they sacked the national library of fifty thousand volumes that their own liberator, San Martin, had founded in 1822, and although many of the books were carried off to Chile, the greater part was scattered around Lima or sold by weight on the streets. We shall always feel that with more time, much patience, and good luck we could have unearthed many treasures; although at first sight the field is not a promising one, and as elsewhere one's acquaintances assure one that there is nothing to be found. In spite of this, however, we came upon a store that appeared teeming with possibilities. Without the "flaire" or much luck it might be passed by many times without exciting interest. Over the dingy grated window of a dilapadated colonial house is the legend "Encuadernacion y Imprenta" — "Binding and Printing." Through the grimy window panes may be seen a row of dull law books; but if you open the big gate and cross the patio, with its ancient hand-well in the centre, on the opposite side are four or five rooms with shelves of books along the walls, and tottering and fallen piles of books scattered over the floor. Here we picked up among others an amusing little old vellum-covered edition of Horace, printed in England in 1606, which must have early found its way to South America, to judge from the Spanish scrawls on the title page. We also got many of the works of Ricardo Palma, Peru's most famous writer, who built up the ruined national library, which now possesses some sixty thousand volumes, of which a twelfth part were donated by our own Smithsonian Institution. One of the volumes we bought had been given by Palma to a friend, and had an autograph dedication which in other countries would have greatly enhanced its value, but which, curiously enough, seems to make no difference in South America. In Buenos Ayres we got a copy of the *Letters from Europe* of Campos Salles, Brazil's greatest president, which had been inscribed by him to the Argentine translator. Once in São Paolo we picked up an autographed copy of Gomes de Amorim, and in neither case did the autograph enter into the question of determining the price.

We had heard rumours of possibilities in store for us in Ecuador, Columbia, and Venezuela, but Lima was our "farthest north," for there our ramblings in South America were reluctantly brought

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FOLLOWING THE TRAIL IN LIMA

to a close. We feel, however, that such as they were, and in spite of the fact that the names of many of the authors and places will be strange to our brethren who have confined their explorations to the northern hemisphere, these notes may awaken interest in a little known field, which, if small in comparison with America or the Old World, offers at times unsuspected prizes and rewards.

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GREAT HOUSES OF LETTERS

I. WHERE THACKERAY WROTE "THE NEWCOMES"

NO. 36 ONSLOW SQUARE, LONDON, WHERE THACKERAY LIVED FROM 1853 TO 1862, AND WROTE "THE NEWCOMES" AND "THE VIRGINIANS"

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AN ARTISTIC DRINKING FOUNTAIN

QUICKENING AMERICA'S ARTISTIC CONSCIENCE

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

MUCH of the art adorning public places in America has been selected conveniently from hardware catalogues and purchased by the pound. Art dealers will submit conventional designs and guarantee that the cast-iron replicas, turned out in wholesale lots, are up to specifications. The municipality which is to be disfigured has only to decide upon the size of the statue and the appropriation and the order will be filled on schedule time. A famous French artist who recently toured America was especially impressed with the statues of soldiers at parade rest standing guard in hundreds of public squares. "Ah, at last," he remarked, "I now understand what is meant by the horrors of war."

The deplorably existing conditions have been due of course to the almost complete absence of artistic supervision or censorship. Now, however, active reform is in progress. To-day seventy-two cities and towns throughout the country have some form of art censorship. The number of communities which have organised improvement societies runs into the hundreds. The history of art censorship in America dates from 1890, so that the movement is only some twenty-five years old. Within this period a voluminous literature has appeared on the general subject. The quickening of the artistic conscience is indicated by the demand for books both of a technical and popular appeal and the specialised magazines.

The first attempt to organise an art commission was made in Boston in 1890. The next step came five years later, when a similar board of censorship was appointed in Baltimore, while New York followed the example in 1898. The Art Commission of New York, as it is termed, has been the most active of these art censorships. During a single year it passed upon one hundred and sixty-eight plans and art objects submitted for its approval, having an approximate value of thirty-four million dollars. Its sucess has encouraged many other cities to pass laws for a similar art censorship, and its general methods of operating have been widely copied. It was first planned to have the Commission pass only upon "paintings, mural decorations, stained glass, statues, bas reliefs, or other sculptures, monuments, fountains, arches and other structures of a permanent character intended for orna-

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EXAMPLE OF CAST-IRON STATUARY COMMON IN THE OLD DAYS

DESIGN FOR A SOLDIERS' MONUMENT APPROVED BY ART CENSOR

ment or commemoration." Later its jurisdiction was extended until to-day the Commission has legal authority to pass upon all works of art, and all public structures and private structures built wholly or in part on public land and upon the lines, grades and plotting of public ways and playgrounds.

The plan of submitting various art objects for consideration before the Art Commission in New York has been followed elsewhere with great success. When the designs are ready the applicant first fills out a form furnished upon application. This form is accompanied by plans of the structure, a map showing the proposed location, in many cases photographs of the locality, and whenever possible actual models in clay. The plans and papers are made out in duplicate, and after the commission has reached a decision one record is filed at the City Hall, the other going to the person or official making the submission.

When the papers properly made out are submitted to the art commission with the drawings, photographs and plans or models a committee is appointed by the president to pass upon them. When the committee reports the president makes his decision. In some cases an adverse decision is received in a very poor spirit, but as a rule it has been found that the art commission has the hearty support of the public. It sometimes happens that a citizen will be very angry if a statue or fountain which he wishes to give to the city be refused. In the past it was customary for the city to accept any art object, however ugly or unsuitable it might be, providing it cost nothing, and as a result many of the parks and squares have been permanently disfigured.

It may seem a small matter to select

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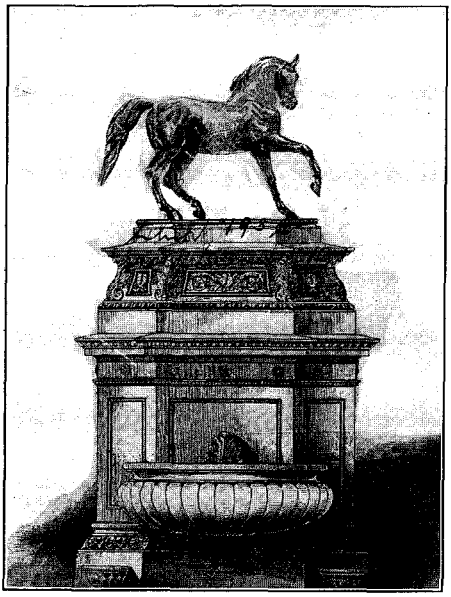
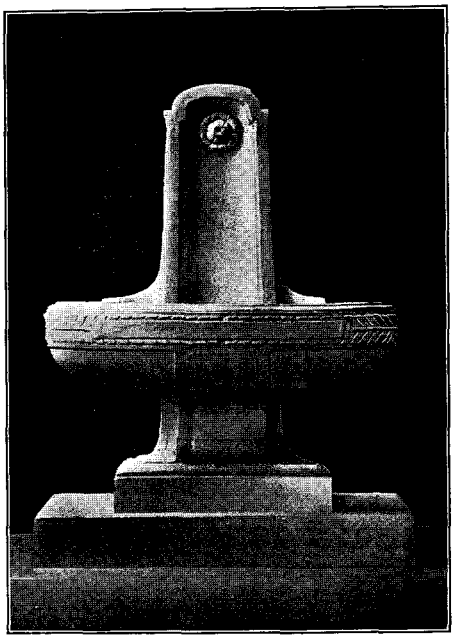


CAST-IRON ART BEFORE THE DAY OF THE ART CENSOR

a suitable position for a statue in a public square or park, but here again a display of sound taste and judgment is of the greatest importance. As a rule, a statue is set down with a total disregard of its setting. It may stand isolated in the midst of a lawn, when a little care would give it a natural amphitheatre, making it appear a part of the general composition.

The buildings which have risen along New York's water front of late years, as a result of this art censorship, have been worthy of the dignity and beauty of the great harbour. The Municipal Ferry Houses and many of the steamship docks have been selected after a number of designs have been submitted and passed upon by the art commission. Several bridges have been built to cross the streets whose designs have been made under the watchful eye of the censors. The gain for beauty has been unmistakable. Under the present laws the art censorship extends only to public buildings or those erected on public land. Although the buildings thus censored are a very small part of the whole, they serve to illustrate admirably what may be accomplished and holds out a hope for the future, when an enlightened public opinion will extend its jurisdiction.

One of the most potent factors in the general movement to educate public taste and develop an artistic conscience throughout the country is the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects. This organisation numbers three hundred members. As its name indicates, every member has been a student in the Beaux Arts School in Paris. The influence of so large a body of men who have profited by the best training and uphold high ideals in architecture is far reaching. The association offers regular scholarships which maintain students abroad. It constitutes a court of good taste, which exerts an increasing influence for good. It is generally acknowledged that while Europe may have the best schools for the study of art, some of the best architectural work in the world is now being done in America. It is obviously a very simple matter to engage the best talent at very



NEW FOUNTAIN DESIGN APPROVED BY THE ART CENSOR

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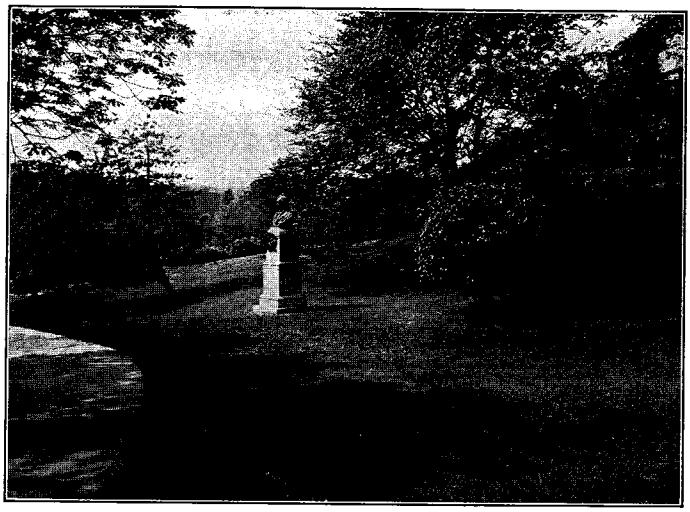

THE WRONG WAY TO PLACE A STATUE. IT BEARS NO RELATION TO ITS SURROUNDINGS

A WELL-PLACED STATUE. THE STEPS AND LANDING COMPLETE THE PEDESTAL

reasonable rates to act in a supervisory capacity in censoring our art. Hundreds of the best trained minds in the country will cheerfully act without compensation in the effort to make our cities and towns more beautiful.

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JACK LONDON, FARMER

BY BAILEY MILLARD

Do you remember that when, after their strained and turbulent city life, the hero and heroine of *The Valley of the Moon* wandering through the woods and cañons north of the Bay of San Francisco, came down into a dreamy Edenic vale, shaded by manzanitas, madrones, live-oaks and laurels and backed by blue hills and tall wooded ridges, and that in that beautiful, peaceful place they found their haven?

Well, that is where the writer of that picturesque novel also found his haven, and it is where he lives and works today, both as an author and as an agriculturist. After looking over Jack London's thirteen-hundred-acre ranch and seeing how happy and complete is the life there under the golden Californian sun and the blue sky, you wonder that there are not more writers who also are farmers. But when you stop to think of it, all farmers are of the literary trade. It is true that they may not write with pen or pencil, but what have they not written out there on the hillsides or in the valleys with their ploughs and harrows and cultivators! Are the works of Dante or of Milton any greater? Those poets merely furnished food for the mind, while the farmer provides food for the whole being.

The Jack London ranch is two miles from Glen Ellen, a very small village among the live-oaks and orchards. Mr. London mails his stories to his New York publishers at the Glen Ellen post-office and he patronises the barber there. He is familiarly known as "Jack" to many of the rural folk in and about the village, which he has been accused of rifling as the British landlords rifled sweet Auburn. At least that is the impression one gains from the following item in a Sonoma local paper:

"Jack London has bought the Glen Ellen blacksmith shop and moved it up to his ranch. Good boy, Jack! Take a couple more loads and move the whole town up there!"

Jack London is as proud of his ranch as he is of any book he ever wrote. He raises the biggest and best crops of hay in Sonoma County. His live-stock are the best bred, the sleekest and the fattest. His seventy-five-acre vineyard produces good grapes. His prune orchard yields nearly twenty tons to its twelve acres and they are good, sweet prunes, too. His vegetable garden is a delight and a huge success.

California farming is largely of the makeshift sort, with little thought of permanence. Most of the ranchers are content with barbed wire fences and wooden structures for themselves and their animals. But where Jack London can use stone or concrete he does so, and he has no barbed wire. He built the first concrete silo erected in California, and it is a big one, too—forty-three feet high and eleven feet in diameter.

MR. AND MRS. LONDON AT THE RANCH HOUSE

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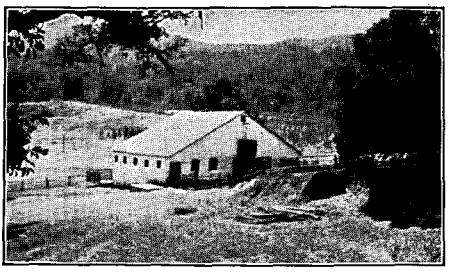
He has two such silos now. Even the pig-pens are of stone and cement, and they are models of solidity, service and sanitation.

"I call this place 'the Ranch of Good Intentions,'" said the proprietor to me during a recent visit. "No, it doesn't pay yet, and is, in fact, rather an expensive luxury; but it is bound to bring in good returns in time. I had not much of an idea of farming when I first came here seven years ago. I was tired of cities and city people, and I was looking about for a home in the country when I discovered this hillside place in the Valley of the Moon. I observed that some of the professors at the University of California question that translation of Sonoma. But it is the Valley of the Moon to me."

"And it always will remain the Valley of the Moon," said Mrs. London, the gentle Charmian of his voyages. "They will not be able to make any other name stick to it."

"No, I was not looking for a place to till the soil," proceeded the author. "I was looking for beauty and for a place to work and to rest. I have been buying beauty ever since I came here. I started with one hundred and twenty-six acres, but I found that area too small. I wanted to be able to go all up and down those beautiful green ridges, and always to be upon my own land. In order to get the uplands I had to buy the lowlands. My ranch grew from year to year until now it contains two sections of land and is, I think, the most charming place in all this wonderful country."

THE CAMERA BATTERY IN ACTION



ONE OF THE STABLES

It is the back country that makes the picture on this Valley of the Moon ranch—the high, redwood-fringed ridges and the beautiful green rift in the hills down through which flows a clear cañon stream. One grows used to high green backgrounds in California, but that of the London ranch affords so many changes of light and shade, so many surprises and so much that is altogether beautiful that one does not wonder that the author-farmer coveted all this land and made it his own.

There are four miles of trails zigzagging up the green slopes, and a favourite pastime of Mr. London is to ride over them in all kinds of weather. The whole countryside is alive with game, but no shooting is permitted on the London ranch. Formerly its proprietor had no particular scruples about slaying a deer or a rabbit, but his forty years have brought to him a gentler nature.

"You may call it sport, if you please, to take out into the forest a machine and a beltful of cartridges and proceed to pump away at any animal you may happen to see," he said, "but to me it is no longer sport. I hate the idea of it. It would be all very well and perfectly fair to go out with a club and kill a jack rabbit for food, but it isn't fair to take along a hundred brass cartridges. To be sure, if the rabbits were a pest I would get rid of them, but I couldn't kill them for sport."

He said he was putting his ranch into first-class shape and laying the foundation for a good paying industry. Everything he builds is for the years to come. The stone walls along the roadways are

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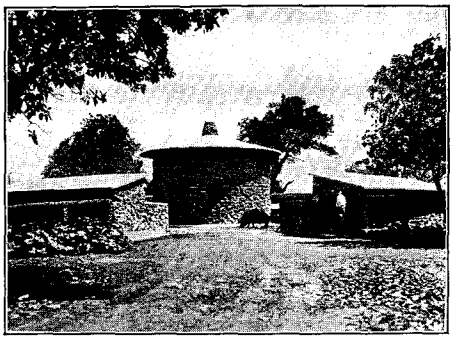


PIG-PENS ON THE LONDON RANCH

solid-looking and even the watering troughs for the horses, kine and swine are of concrete.

The swine department impresses the visitor with its cleanliness. Before you are permitted to pass the gate and go in to see the pigs you must step aside into a little pagoda and rub your feet upon a rug covered with a sticky, carbolised mixture, so that the soles of your shoes may be disinfected and you may not carry in to that precious, cleanly band any germs of cholera. Never but once has the dread disease been borne within the enclosure, and that was when somebody walked upon a butcher's floor and then into the pens. But now cholera is unknown among the London swine.

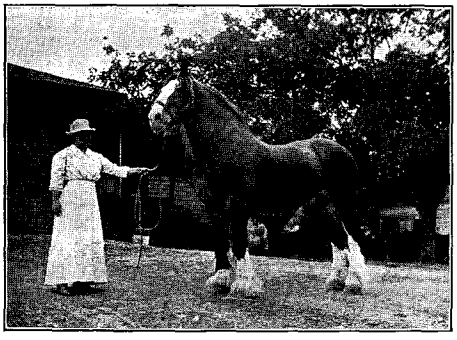
"I designed those hog houses and pens myself," said the author proudly. He pointed to a round central structure of rock and cement with a peaked concrete roof, surrounded by sheds of the same material. When the Childe Roland pig comes to that round tower he gets a good square meal of ground alfalfa and grain; for the tower is the feedhouse, down from the upper story of which the feed pours automatically through square galvanised iron leaders into a big cement basin, where it is mixed with water from a pipe and is then conveyed out to the surrounding troughs, where the big red hogs munch and grunt contentedly. The swine pens have concrete floors, but their occupants lie upon movable wooden planks at night. All around the central tower the pens are ranged, making a solid enclosure. Surrounding the pens are six acres of corrals, shaded by oaks and madrones.

In the swine department everything is spick and span, as the hose is played upon the floors at regular intervals, making them cleaner than the floors of many a squalid ranch house to be found elsewhere. As for the pigs they are all Duroc Jerseys and of high pedigree.

"I am not raising live stock for the butcher," said Mr. London, "but for the breeder or anybody that wants the best of thoroughbreds. Of course, the culls will be killed, but my idea is to raise only the stock that can be driven out on foot."

The horses on the London ranch are a noble lot. There is Neuadd Hillside, a twenty-five hundred dollar English shire stallion, who is about the most imposing of the string. Neuadd has won grand championships at the State fair and he and the other London horses and mares generally pick up most of the horse prizes at the Sonoma County fair, where some very fine stock is entered in competition. Neuadd won fifth prize at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and his friends think he would have received the gold medal but that California hospitality would not permit a California horse to take such honours. They had to go to outside steeds.

Mountain Lad, named for the horse hero in *The Little Lady of the Big House,* is another beautiful stallion.



MANAGER SHEPARD AND ONE OF THE PRIZE HORSES

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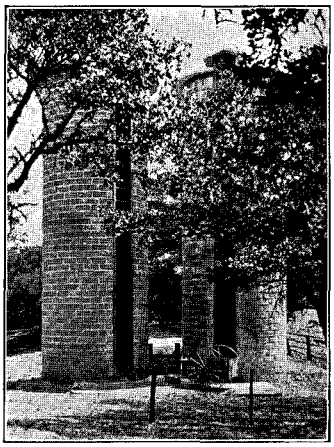
Besides these there are five blood mares and four wonderful colts, with thirty-seven grade horses and colts coming on. These grade horses include seven work teams, which are kept busy about the ranch most of the time. Mrs. London, who is a daring rider, takes much interest in the horses.

There are some very fine Jersey cows among the cattle and one magnificent prize shorthorn bull. There is also a big herd of goats and a great flock of white Leghorn fowls.



THE TURN SIDES

Mrs. Alice Shepard, who is Mr. London's sister, is the manager of the ranch. She is not in the least afraid of the spirited thoroughbred horses or cattle, and can handle them when necessary, but for her assistants she has two of the best stockmen in California—Hazen Cowan, who won the world's championship at the big round-up at San José in July, and Thomas Harrison, who is also an expert.

Jack London is free to admit that he knows more about literature than he does about farming, but he has a voice in all the essential affairs that are going on about the place. His agricultural experience has taught him many things, particularly how to keep the moisture in the soil, which, in a semi-humid country like California, is a very important thing. Both as to literary methods and as to farming he seems to have little respect for academic opinion. When he went to the State University to take a literary course, he found that he could write better without instruction by the professors, and so when the soil and irrigation experts of the State College of Agriculture try to tell him about humus or harrowing they find him rather an independent pupil. Not long ago he invited some of the agricultural professors to look at a soil condition resulting from the washing down of the hillside earth into the valley land. When he had received the opinion of the academicians he did not apply it, as it did not conform to his views of the matter, and he proceeded to work out the salvation of the soil in an entirely different manner from that which the learned men had proposed.

The great problem on the Ranch of Good Intentions has been how to make soil which had been practically worn out yield good crops without too great an expense in the way of fertilisers. In fact, this is the problem which a great many Western ranchers have had to meet. Jack London met it by intelligent tillage and not by resorting to artificial fertilisers, which he holds in contempt, as he has tried them and they have not proved successful.

"What I never have been able to understand," he told me, "was why they could keep on for forty centuries in China getting good crops out of the soil, while in this country it was regarded as exhausted in forty years. I made up my mind that it was all a matter of the way we handled our soil. I studied the problem pretty thoroughly. I had noticed the way the soil was washed down the hillsides by the rains, and I determined to prevent that, which I did by grading the land, making it over into rolling contours and abrupt terraces. It's the only way that such land should be cultivated anyway, as it gives a chance for good, long furrows along the hillside. But the big thing about it is that by these new contours I keep the

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moisture in the soil and do not let it dissipate itself by seepage or evaporation."

He is working upon the Campbell system of tillage, including the turning under of rye and vetches to increase the humus. The Campbell system is said to be the last word in dry farming, but it must be upon some such plan that the Chinese work, for practically the same result is reached—the soil is permitted to retain its fertility.

There has been a great controversy in California as to the merits of the new spineless cactus produced by Luther Burbank. The academic crowd has been all against the cactus, maintaining that it does not provide good nourishing food for cattle or swine. The contention is that because the cactus slabs consist of about ninety per cent. water, they are of little value in feeding live stock. Jack London, nothing daunted by this report, is raising a lot of the cactus to feed to his animals. He says that those who contend that cactus is of no forage value should go down to Hawaii, where some of the finest, fattest cattle in the world live on cactus that is covered with spines, getting both food and water from it in dry seasons.

The ranch houses are not very pretentious, being merely one-story cottages for the most part. In one of these the Londons live and work. The chief room in the house is a good-sized library, opening down into a study, where both husband and wife have their desks. Mr. London writes just one thousand words a day, no more, no less, but when it is written and once revised it is finished and receives no further revision. Mrs. London copies the manuscript with a typewriter on legal-size sheets of paper. Although the author has a secretary, Mrs. London prefers to do this work for him. She is a writer of books herself, and one of them, *The Log of the Snark,* has had wide acceptance.

The library is decorated with deer and elk heads and trophies of their voyagings in the South Seas. The Londons are very proud of one exhibit—their discharge papers from the ship in which they sailed around the Horn from Baltimore to San Francisco.

Pointing to a long row of books on one of the library shelves, the author said:

"These are all mine. There's more than forty of them, no two alike." Then he smiled. "No, I haven't been idle in spite of John Barleycorn. I

MR. LONDON RAISES SPINELESS CACTUS

hope you don't think that those big, heavy elk-head decorations represent our sense of proportion. The trouble is that we have no other place to put them. The new house they were intended for went up in smoke before we could move into it."

We went over to see the ruins of the big house in an automobile. The mansion cost sixty thousand dollars. One room in it was thirty by eighty feet in size. There was a fish pool on the lower floor and there was a tall tower in which was to be the author's study.

"Oh, it was a pitiful sight the next day after the fire," said Mrs. London as she looked over the place and up at the ragged remnants of the chimneys. "But you see it's pretty well grown over now with wild oats and things. Still it was too bad! I wanted to live in

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this house—this very one—and no matter what we may build later on, it won't be this house which we planned so carefully and were going to be so happy in. Just think! It had seven fireplaces. And you should have seen my pretty rooms! But it's all gone now." She sighed and turned to look pensively down the green vista into the Valley of the Moon.

And, indeed, it was a lamentable picture—that of the Little Lady dressed in her white riding costume of coat and knickers, standings in a broken archway and gazing so sadly out from the ruins of the Big House.

Chronicle and Comment

Margarete Münsterberg

Elsewhere in this issue will be found Mr. Charles Hanson Towne's appreciation of Miss Margarete Münsterberg's *A Harvest of German Verses*. Miss Münsterberg, a daughter of Professor Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard, was born on the edge of the Black Forest of Germany, near the little city of Freiburg. The Black Forest, with its beautiful scenery and its weird, old-world legends, naturally influenced her childhood. She began to write at the age of seven.

MARGARETE MÜNSTERBERG

"One of my greatest pleasures," she said in a recent interview, "has been the translation of the works of some of the great German writers into English so that they might be available for the Americans, who do not speak the language of my country, although I am as much American as German, and was graduated from Radcliffe, Class of 1909. Among English writers of verse Miss Münsterberg's particular preference is Francis Thompson. A year or two ago Miss Münsterberg's novel, *Red Poppies,* appeared. It was the story of a young artist searching for colour.

• • •

Authors' Letter Boxes Again

Once C. N. and A. M. Williamson, who wrote *The Lightning Conductor* and awoke to find themselves famous, received a letter from a young Dane. He wrote in English to say that he always read all their books, both in Danish and English. He felt, from reading them, that the authors must have kind and generous hearts. He was tired of his like in Denmark, and he would like to go and live with Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, especially to travel with them. He would be to them as a brother in return for all his expenses, and without meaning to boast he was sure that his good looks and his delightful society would be all the reward that could be asked. Another curious letter came from a girl. She said she was an American, and wrote from Vienna sev-

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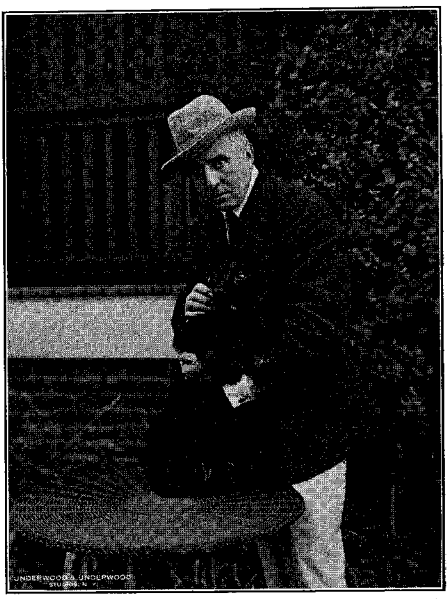
eral years before the war. There was a marvellous and complicated crest on the paper, and the writer (who also "loved" their books) announced that she was engaged to marry the owner of this crest, a young count of very high family. She used the crested paper to prove the truth of what she said, and her object in writing was to have Mr. and Mrs. Williamson find an American heiress for an equally crested and high-born friend of her fiancé. She imagined that as the authors had a place on the Riviera, and evidently knew a great many rich people, they must be acquainted with girls who would like to become Austrian princesses and countesses. It was all the fashion in Vienna, she explained, for smart men to marry American girls; and added (tactfully), "Of course, you will get a good commission if the affair comes off." Another interesting letter which reached the Williamsons was from the English governess of the German Crown Prince's children. It was written about four years ago, and asked advice on the subject of short stories. The letter led to a correspondence and to an acquaintance that has been continued. When the war broke out, and the governess returned to England, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson advised her to do the obvious thing and write a book. At last, rather late in the day, she decided to do so. The book is to come out in England and America under the title *The Eyrie of the Hohenzollerns*.

• • •

The New York Spirit

In the early days of the great war Mr. James Barnes was in Belgium. One day in the street of one of the Belgian cities he witnessed a peculiar incident. The driver of a Belgian motor car put on full speed forward and rammed a German motor car with dire consequences to the latter. Unharmed the Belgian driver disentangled himself from the smashup. He caught sight of Mr. Barnes and his companions and grinned. "Hello, United States!" he called out. "You know where I learned to do that? Used to drive a dollar-quarter taxicab in New York." A somewhat similar note is sounded in the account Mr. Wadsworth Camp, author of the recently published *The House of Fear*, gives of certain episodes in connection with his European trip of last spring. By the only channel passenger line now in operation, that between Southampton and Havre, he crossed, after a vast amount of red tape. Although his passport has been viséd by the American and



EDWARD H. SOTHERN AT SEA GATE. MR. SOTHERN'S "THE MELANCHOLY TALE OF ME" IS DISCUSSED IN THIS DEPARTMENT

French Consuls in London, and stamped by the Southampton police, three separate inquisitions were necessary before he was allowed to set foot on the boat. Here is Mr. Camp's account of subsequent adventures.

We arrived at Havre on one of those violently hot mornings that France gets occasionally. Herded in a wooden shack, on whose roof the sun played with a vicious indifference, we awaited some more examinations of passports. Commendably the

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women were passed into the presence of the inspectors first. Caught in the midst of the crowd of men, I waited through interminable moments. I carried a small typewriter, a raincoat, an overcoat, a stick, an umbrella. I was too closely surrounded to put my impedimenta down. I foresaw some hours of this. I feared that when my time came I should be more in need of a physician's certificate than one of entry.

F. TENNYSON JESSE, A NIECE OF THE POET TENNYSON, AND AUTHOR OF "BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK"

At last the women were through. The big sergeant of the military police at the gate raised a rumbling voice.

"Any one with diplomatic passports?"

Two men shouldered forward and went through. In desperation I called out over the heads of the crowd:

"Sergeant, I have a journalistic passport."

It meant nothing, and I knew it. Perhaps to scold my presumption and to send me to the extreme rear of the line he summoned me before him. He glanced at my passport. Sternly, he demanded:

"What do you mean? This isn't a diplomatic passport. I asked for them. Where's your office in London?"

"I haven't any office in London," I answered meekly. "I have a sort of an office in New York."

Miraculously, it seemed to me, his frown failed, was lost in an eager smile. He swung the gate open, stepping inside. His voice was suddenly soft and aimable.

"Come right through, my boy."

He slammed the gate after me, and turned his back on the disappointed crowd. He caught my arm.

"From New York!" he echoed. "I used to run an elevator in the Waldorf-Astoria. Tell me all about the old town."

• • •

A Riley Tribute

One of the prettiest tributes to the memory of the late James Whitcomb Riley was that written by Miss Clara E. Laughlin for the September issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Miss Laughlin's acquaintance with Mr. Riley began by correspondence. She was a young girl trying bravely to conduct a literary department of a religious weekly on an exceedingly small money allowance. She decided to have a Riley poem. So by rigid economy she amassed the staggering sum of twenty-five dollars, which she sent to the poet with a polite note intreating twenty-five dollars worth of his very best poetry. She had no idea of the audacity of the request. That twenty-five dollars looked big enough to her to buy "In Memoriam" or *Paradise Lost*. Nevertheless Miss Laughlin got the poem, which she presented to the readers of the weekly in the Christmas number.

• • •

The following June Miss Laughlin received from the poet an invitation to go down to Winona Lake, Indiana, to attend the annual sessions of the Western Writers' Association. Mr. Riley was expecting a much older woman, and his first question at the meeting was, "Where are your corkscrew curls?"

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Then followed many pleasant days and evenings. Miss Laughlin tells of one, when Frank L. Stanton, the Southern poet, was present.

We were but four at table: Mr. Riley, Mr. Stanton, Mrs. Whipple—a little lady into whose chaperonage Mr. Riley had consigned me immediately upon his discovery of my disconcerting youth—and myself. Mr. Stanton's mind is an inexhaustible storehouse of great poetry, which he recites beautifully. Out under the trees that June night he had repeated, on Mr. Riley's continued urging, poem after poem. It was a rare treat he gave us. His memory is particularly rich in Shakespeare, and bit by bit, as the talk ran on, in the most informal way he gave snatches of this immortal scene and of that.

Just how the talk proceeded from Shakespeare to Mrs. Browning I do not know, but it was an easy progress. Mr. Riley, I know, considered Mrs. Browning's mind the most exquisite that had expressed itself in poetry since Shakespeare. At any rate, we were talking of her when we went indoors; and I, who had my thumbed and much-marked copy of her poems in my bag, went to my room and got it.

We had our bite to eat, still talking of her, and there came up the old, old subject of how much an artist must have lived and suffered in order to express himself with passion and authority. Mr. Riley said that it was a matter not of extensity but of intensity: that if one had gone to the depths of one great human emotion one had reached a point of understanding where all kindred emotions become comprehensible.

In illustration of this he began to read from my copy of Mrs. Browning. First he read "Bianca Among the Nightingales," and oh, how he read it! His was truly "a golden voice," comparable to none other that I have ever heard in man: it had extraordinary flexibility. As he read the ravings of poor, jealousy-mad Bianca there was such passion and such pain in his tones as made us who listened ache with almost unendurable anguish. Then he read "The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point," and our tears flowed unrestrained.

"You see?" he said. "Having plumbed the deeps in one great experience, that little, bedridden Englishwoman was equally capable of comprehending the hot jealousy of a passionate Italian girl raving for her lost lover and the wild agony of a black mother torn from her child. Below a certain depth all suffering is sympathetic."

• • •

Miss Laughlin found Riley the most painstaking literary workman that she has ever known anything about.

SUGGESTING DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. WHICH IS THE REAL WADSWORTH CAMP?

Genius may not be a capacity for taking pains, but a genius always has that capacity in excess of most ordinary folks, and Riley had it in excess of most other geniuses. When he used dialect he used it with an absolute accuracy that was scientific. He kept exhaustive notes of the particular clippings and elisions and distortions of many different kinds of persons. There was a subtle distinction in his mind between the child who said "thist" and the child who said "ist" for "just."

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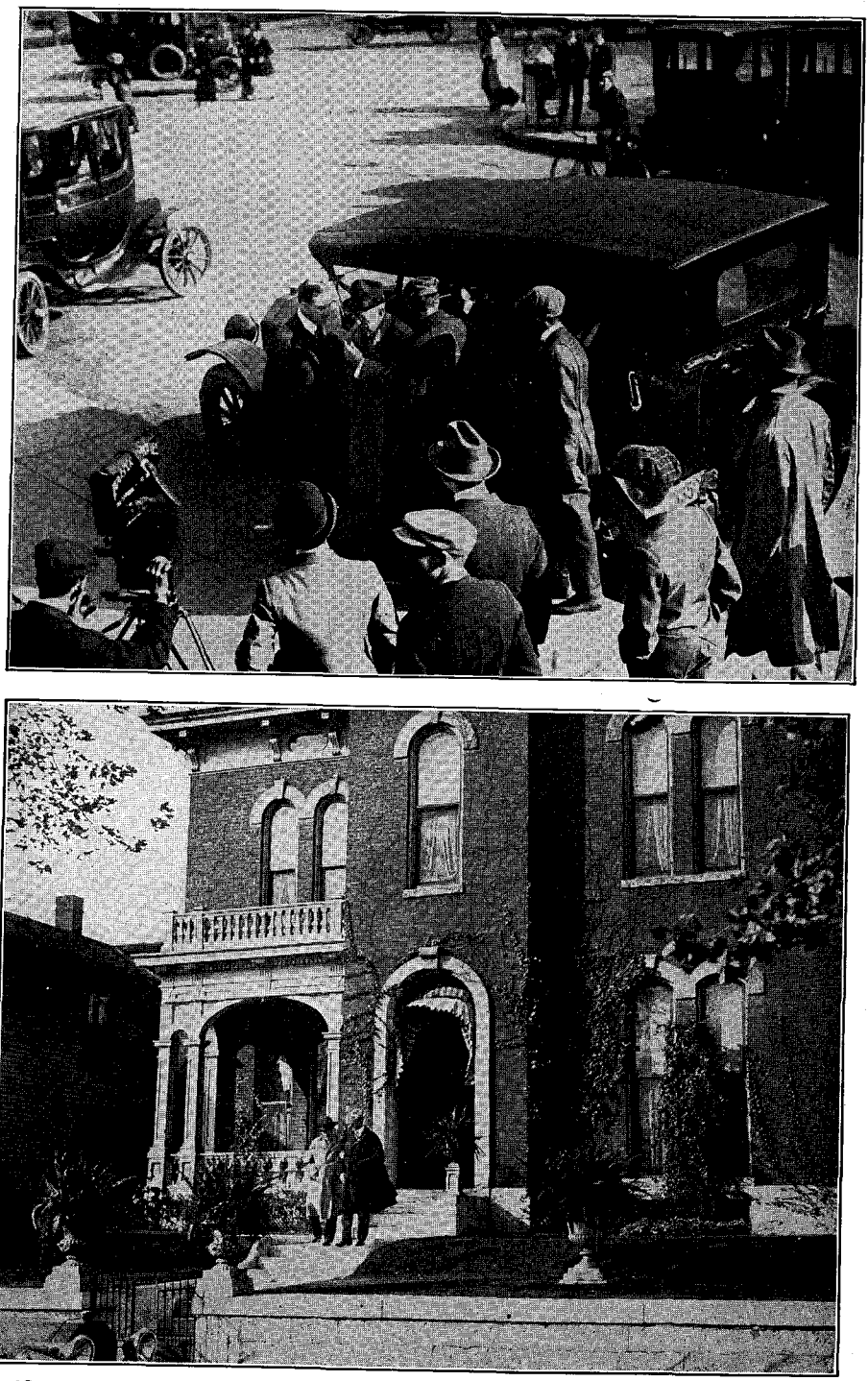

SCENES IN INDIANAPOLIS DURING THE JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY FESTIVITIES LAST AUTUMN

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He had a passion for exactitude and a passion for simplicity. I recall his ardent championship of Longfellow, and his bitterness against those smart young persons who spoke contemptuously of Longfellow's fatal tendency to rhythm and rhyme, as if his thought must be less noble because it could be understood without a "key," and as if his poetry must have been effortless because it could be memorised so easily. "Nobody knows any better than I know," Mr. Riley used to say, "how hard it is to write such measures as 'The Psalm of Life.'"

He loved that in Longfellow which made Longfellow—scholar in many tongues that he was—put infinite pains in the perfect simplicity of his poems, so that they were easy to learn and hard to forget. He strove to do a like thing himself—strove and succeeded. Not Longfellow, however, but Robert Burns was the prime source of Riley's inspiration. I think Burns was closer to his heart than any other writer. But he had many lovely enthusiasms for writers both past and present. His letters to me are full of these enthusiasms.

He was a profound lover of Dickens, for whose understanding of human nature and skill in portraying it Mr. Riley had not less than veneration. In a postscript to one of his letters I find this: "Am just reading the primest, finest, most mellowest and juciest of all novels ever writ! Wonder if you've run acrost it yet? It is called 'David Copperfield.' Ah, mountain-pine and stately Kentish spire! Ye have one tale to tell!"

• • •

Songs of the Rookies

The camp at Plattsburgh has not yet produced a young Kipling to chronicle its hardships and its frivolities; nor even a Botrel or a Yann Nibor. But the rookies have had their songs and their song writers, and a number of the more or less lyrical efforts have been gathered and issued in pamphlet form by the Davol Publishing Company of Taunton, Massachusetts. "These camp songs are impromptu productions," writes Mr. Ralph Davol in a foreword to the pamphlet, "for the most part hurriedly composed for immediate diversion upon the march or around the evening camp-fire. The writers may not become as immortal as Francis Scott Key or Rouget de L'Isle. In the archives of military literary literature, these verses may not rank, for dignity of theme and purity of English, with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, or Wolfe's 'Burial of Sir John Moore';" "but," Mr. Davol goes on, "they will bring back to the veteran rookie a kaleidoscopic picture of his brief military career—the intimate domesticities of the jocose tent-squad; the unaccustomed view of the five o'clock sunrise; the suffocating clouds of dust on the hike; the cool, refreshing swim in the lake; the commanding officer bawling out some luckless private for rust in the rifle bore; the fragrance of the fir trees and the rough talk of the camp."

• • •

Naturally, most of these songs have been fitted to well-known airs; tunes of the Civil War, of the colleges, and of the music-hall. "Marching Through Georgia" and "John Brown's Body," of course, had their imitators. Then there are, among others, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Maryland, My Maryland," "I Love a Lassie," "On the Banks of the Old Raritan," "Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "The Souse Family," "I've Been Working on the Railroad," "Old Noah, He Built Himself an Ark," "The Son of a Gambolier," "Tammany," "The Infantry," and Billy Sunday's "Glory, Glory" song. Many of the refrains refer to personalities that are more or less vague to one himself not in touch with the humour of the camp. For example, the following, written by Evarts Tracy of Plainfield, New Jersey, to the Harry Lauder tune "I Love a Lassie":

We have a Sasse,
A stern and splendid Sasse,
He is built like a Viking from the sea,
If you want to hear him talking,
Mix your feet up when you're walking,
Sasse from Company E.

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Not associated with any particular tune is the same author's "Inspection After Range Practice":

If seven men, with seven rods,
Cleaned it for half a year,
Do you suppose, the rookie said,
That they could get it clear?
I doubt it, said the captain,
And bit him on the ear.

• • •

There is a Rutgers College song entitled "On the Banks of the Old Raritan," which could probably be traced to some air that was sung before the first Rutgers undergraduate ever found his way to New Brunswick. F. T. Felbel, of New York, adapted the tune as follows for the amusement of the rookies:

Our conscience sent us here to Plattsburg
In response to our country's wild alarms,
So we started in to drill over valley, stream and hill,
And were introduced to Manual of Arms.

CHORUS:

On the shores of old Champlain, my boys,
Where we started in to work with might and main,
Oh, we thought we'd come for pleasure till we met our Captain Leasure,
And the captain told us promptly, guess again.

On Tuesday we'll be men of business,
Back at office, factory or shop,
Tho' we're sick and sore and lame,
Yet we're gol-darned glad we came
And we'll hike the next two days until we drop.

Then, to the tune of "The Jolly Sophomore," is "Company M's Song":

Oh, Company M, oh, Company M, the best of all the lot,
We swill the beers and rickeys, too, until we're all half shot,
We then pick up our guns and packs, and after every spree,
Why, we advance and shoot the pants
From any company.

Several of the songs attest the presence at camp of a certain Captain Stewart. For example, "The Long Roll" of Company A, Sixth Regiment, sung to the tune of "Tipperary":

It's the long roll that's sci-en-tif-ic,
It's the long roll that fits
Right along your spinal column,
From your shoulder to your hips.
"Thirty-nine pounds," Stewart tells us,
And you've missed some damn good fun,
If you've never hiked along the highway,
With this scientific ton.

First you put in your old woollen blanket,
Then your shelter half and poncho, too.
Then they think that you are lazy
And have nothing else to do.
So they give you a pick and shovel,
Bolo and bayonet, too.
Then it's pike right along, you damned old Rookie,
It's double time for you.

From other songs we learn that Captain Stewart was later promoted to be a major. That fact is brought out in a jingle by S. C. Rand, of Boston, to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia," and also in the following to the air of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching":

Damn, damn, damn, I've got a blister,
And my feet are not so well,
And my shoulder blades are lame,
Major Stewart's all to blame,
After paying thirty dollars,
Ain't it hell!

• • •

Where Foch Struck

"If a man is to die, it matters not whether it be in a border skirmish or at Waterloo," wrote Rudyard Kipling many years ago in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." There was a fine sweep then to that word "Waterloo." It was hard to foresee that a battle would come that would make Waterloo in comparison almost as insignificant as a conflict between a British brigade and

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a few thousand Afghans. Yet such a battle was that fought two years ago on a front of one hundred and twenty miles—the battle of the Marne. The full story of that gigantic struggle is not likely to be told for many years to come. Yet of all the books that have already been written about it we have read none more clear than the volume which Hilaire Belloc has just published in his series, *The Elements of the Great War*. It is not a picture of the blare and turmoil of battle that Mr. Belloc presents. There are no descriptions of intrepid infantry charges or allusions to the bark and bite of the "seventy-fives." It is simply the story of that vast encircling sweep of the German army through northern France and why and where the blow failed. The German effectives present upon the whole line stood to the French effectives as less than eight, but more than seven to five. Yet, despite this superiority of numbers, German strategy so blundered that the dangerous thinness in the centre constituted a "gap." General Foch discovered this "gap" in the afternoon of the ninth of September, and through it he struck.

• • •

America's Men

No matter how limited the selection, no list of the conspicuous books dealing with the Great War would be complete that did not include the recently published *Friends of France*. This book is a record of the services of those Americans who are driving ambulances along the fighting lines. In the cause of humanity they are daring bullet and shrapnel and high explosive. Few in number and limited in their activities, this little band of American ambulance drivers in France is repaying part of the debt owed to the tens of thousands of Frenchmen who crossed the ocean as soldiers and sailors to help America in 1777. The lives that are being offered in the service are not lives already half shattered. There is no flavour of the famous Foreign Legion, with its fugitives from justice, its suggestion that it is better not to enquire too closely into the antecedents of your comrade. The men in the American Ambulance Service are mostly young men with life stretching bright before them. Most of them are university men. Trinity, Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Columbia, University of Virginia, Dartmouth, University of California,—these entries against the individual names in the list at the end of the book indicate the quality of the service that is being offered. There are

CHASSEVR ALPIN 1915

names that stand for definite achievement. A chapter is contributed by the talented author of *Queed*. Mr. Harrison writes of the war as he saw it about Dunkirk and Ypres. Mr. Emery Pottle has told of the service in verse in the following poem, entitled "Un Blessé à Montauville":

"Un blessé à Montauville—urgent!"
Calls the sallow-faced *téléphoniste*.
The night is as black as hell's black pit,
There's snow on the wind in the East.

There's snow on the wind, there's rain on the wind,
The cold's like a rat at your bones;
You crank your car till your soul caves in,
But the engine only moans.

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The night is as black as hell's black pit;
You feel your crawling way
Along the shell-gutted, gun-washed road—
How—only God can say.

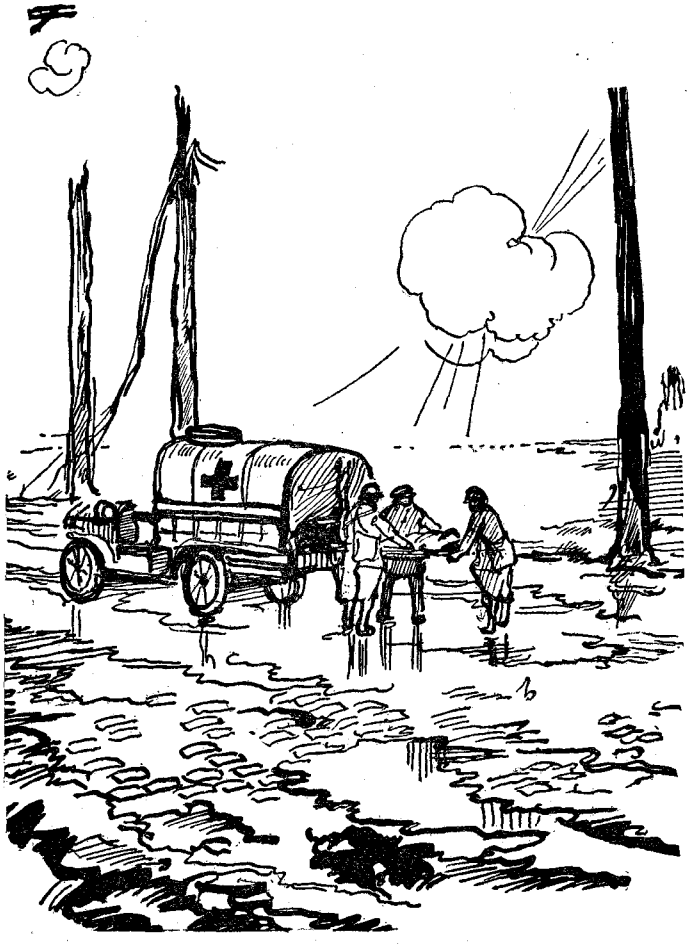
The 120's and 75's
Are bellowing on the hill;
They're playing at bowls with big trench-mines
Down at the Devil's mill.

Christ! Do you hear that shrapnel tune
Twang through the frightened air?
The *Boches* are shelling on Montauville—
They're waiting for you up there!

"Un blessé—urgent? Hold your lantern up
While I turn the damned machine!
Easy, just lift him easy now!
Why, the fellow's face is green!"

"Oui, ça ne dure pas longtemps, tu sais."
"Here, cover him up—he's cold!
Shove the stretcher—it's stuck! That's it—he's in!"
Poor chap, not twenty years old.

"Bon-soir, messieurs—à tout à l'heure!"
And you feel for the hell-struck road.
It's ten miles off to the surgery,
With Death and a boy for your load.



CHARLES HUARD'S WRAPPER DESIGN FOR "FRIENDS OF FRANCE"

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Praise God for that rocket in the trench,
Green on the ghastly sky—
That *camion* was dead ahead!
Let the *ravitaillement* by!

"Courage, mon brave! We're almost there!"
God, how the fellow groans—
And you'd give your heart to ease the jolt
Of the ambulance over the stones.

Go on, go on, through the dreadful night—
How—only God He knows!
But now he's still! Aye, it's terribly still
On the way a dead man goes.

"Wake up, you swine asleep! Come out!
Un blessé—urgent—damned bad!"
A lamp streams in on the blood-stained white
And the mud-stained blue of the lad.

"Il est mort, m'sieu!" "So the poor chap's dead?"
Just there, then, on the road
You were driving a hearse in the hell-black night,
With Death and a boy for your load.

O dump him down in that yawning shed,
A man at his head and feet;
Take off his ticket, his clothes, his kit,
And give him his winding-sheet.

It's just another *poilu* that's dead;
You've hauled them every day
Till your soul has ceased to wonder and weep
At war's wild, wanton play.

He died in the winter dark, alone,
In a stinking ambulance,
With God knows what upon his lips,—
But on his heart was France!

• • •

London Memories

Literary figures, as well as the personages of the stage, flit across the pages of H. G. Hibbert's *Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life*. For example, we meet the author of *Peter Pan* in the guise of an old-time journalist. One Sunday night there came a diffident knocking at the door of the Nottingham *Daily Journal*. On the dark landing stood a small delicate youth unmistakably from Scotland. "My name is Barrie. I am the new leader writer," he said. Then he went on to tell of his long journey from Edinburgh, during which he had taken the precaution of writing a leading article which he hoped would satisfy the occasion. And he would like to go home to bed. Barrie's connection with the paper began in this way. In response to an advertisement for a leader writer he had asked three pounds a week. "Yes," said the senior proprietor, "we pay monthly. That will be twelve pounds a month." Barrie was a Scot. This ingenious reduction of three pounds per week to two pounds seventeen and four pence first perplexed and then eternally angered him. Barrie's contract was to supply two columns of literary matter a day. One was to consist of a leading article, as to which general, but never particular, instructions were given in an eight-page letter from the senior proprietor. In addition he contributed a weekly column of gossip signed "Hippomenes"—many of these essays were reprinted in *My Lady Nicotine,* having in their early state been infinitely beyond the average reader of the journal—and book reviews, carefully measured with a tape, to make up the tale of twelve columns per week.

A CHARLES HUARD DECORATION FOR "FRIENDS OF FRANCE"

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In those days, Mr. Hibbert tells us, Barrie fancied himself as an actor. He would on the slightest provocation give an imitation of Irving as Romeo and Modjeska as Juliet. His lonely rooms in a suburban terrace were curiously devoid of books. There was a Horace, and there was Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*. He was shy, painfully shy. He drank nothing. He found smoking detestable. There was in Nottingham a curious little Bohemian club called The Kettle. Barrie went there once or twice but did not find the companionship to his liking. Walking was a joy to him. In company with Hibbert he covered hundreds of miles of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. In the office he was in constant conflict with the foreman printer, who was afterward immortalised in *When a Man's Single*. The foreman printer had been with the paper for thirty-nine years and was a good deal of an autocrat. He had two names for "copy." There was "noos," to which he attached importance according to its local application, and there was mere literary matter, which he called "tripe." Barrie's work, acutely literary, was always in peril. The autocrat had a soft spot, but Barrie refused to negotiate it. Hibbert was wiser, or at least more diplomatic. Once he procured the insertion of an historic speech on Protection by marking it the introduction to the Mansfield Flower Show. So it became "preference copy."

• • •

When Mr. Hibbert, an uncouth youth from the provinces, still dazed by the splendour of his appointment as acting editor of the Sunday *Times*, made his way to London, he found a domicile in Gray's Inn. His chambers were the very chambers which W. S. Gilbert occupied as a briefless barrister, where he wrote *The Bab Ballads*, and where he and Tom Hood and Clement Scott used to work on *Fun*. Mr. Hibbert has a good deal to say about Gilbert's stage caricatures. As early as 1873, in a burlesque of which Gilbert was part author, there was a wild dance by three members of the Government, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lane, and Mr. Ayrton, which caused a terrible to-do. *Patience* gave the final *coup de grâce* to the "æsthetic craze" at which George du Maurier had been so steadily hammering pictorially in the pages of *Punch*. Bunthorne was clearly meant for Oscar Wilde. Then there was Gilbert's attack on the Kaiser in the dancing hussar episode in *The Grand Duke*. That passed without remark. But his *Mikado* caused diplomatic exchanges—after a respectable career of thirty years on the stage. In an earlier instance a line in *Ruddigore*, misinterpreted by the London correspondent of the *Figaro*, and telegraphed to Paris, roused considerable French indignation.

• • •

Mr. Hibbert recalls the Marquis of Queensbury's public denunciation of Lord Tennyson's play *The Promise of May*. It was the same Marquis of Queensbury who afterward brought about the downfall of Oscar Wilde. The Tennyson play was produced at the Globe Theatre in 1882. The Laureate's hero justified a very sordid act of seduction by the exposition of his views on marriage—he was an agnostic, so styled. "Marriage!" said he. "Well, when the great democratic deluge which is slowly coming upon us, and upon all Europe, shall have washed away thrones and churches, ranks, conditions and customs,—marriage, one of the most senseless, among the rest—why then the man and the woman, being free to follow their elective affinities, will each bid the old bond farewell, not with tears but with smiles, not with mutual recriminations, but with mutual good wishes, with no dread of the world's gossip and no necessity for concealment; and the children—well, the State will bring up the children." And again, addressing his prey: "Marriage! that feeble institution! Child, it will pass away with priestcraft from the pulpit into the crypt, into the abyss. For does not Na-

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ture herself teach us that marriage is against nature? Look at the birds—they pair for the season and part; but how merrily they sing! While marrying is like chaining two dogs together by the collar. They snarl and bite each other because there is no hope of parting." At the third performance of *The Promise of May* the Marquis of Queensbury rose in his stall and protested. At the end of the act he rose again, meaning to address the audience at greater length, but he was gently removed. So, in a little while, was *The Promise of May*.

• • •

An anecdote showing our own James McNeill Whistler characteristically belligerent. During an entr'acte of Pettit's *A Million of Money,* at Drury Lane, in the autumn of 1890, there was a collision between Whistler and Augustus Moore, at that time editing the *Hawk,* which naturally got a page of vivacious paragraphs out of the incident. Moore declared that Whistler, whom he described with minute insolence, cried: "Hawk! Hawk! Hawk!" touched him with a tiny cane, and was promptly knocked down. Friends intervened. Moore returned to his stall and Whistler retired. So much for Moore's version. Whistler made his way to the office of the *Sunday Times,* being an intimate of the staff of that day. He certainly bore no evidence of having been knocked down—nothing showed signs of damage but his stick. He declared that he had reproached Moore with an attack on the memory of his dead friend—Godwin, the architect, whose widow he married—and that he got in two smashing blows. "Indeed," Mr. Hibbert comments, "I do not think either was a penny the worse."

• • •

An interesting chapter in Mr. Hibbert's book deals with the salaries of theatrical celebrities. Probably the largest fee paid was to Sarah Bernhardt for her first appearance at the London Coliseum — namely, one thousand pounds, for her personal services, apart from the salaries of her company and the other expenses. Sir George Alexander and Sir Herbert Tree had seven hundred and fifty pounds at the Palace. Miss Marie Tempest had five hundred pounds at the London Hippodrome. Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and Mr. Arthur Bourchier demand from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty pounds, in circumstances. Some dancers now receive very large salaries. At the Alhambra in the old days twenty-five pounds a week was considered a large fee to pay. Genée began at the Empire at fifteen pounds a week, and for a long time was contented with thirty; toward the end she had seventy. Then came the boom.

H. G. HIBBERT

Now the foremost prominent dancers of the day range from two hundred and fifty to seven hundred and fifty pounds a week. In America Pavlova has soared away from the topmost figure. Harry Lauder's demand is now for a minimum of five hundred pounds a week. He was offered eight hundred pounds a week for a special engagement at the Empire, and declined it. From the beginning music hall salaries have been comparatively large. Blondin, who crossed Niagara Falls on a tight rope, got one hundred pounds an ascent, but accepted a reduction when he appeared nightly in a music hall. It used to be a favourite amusement of the Guardsmen whom Ouida loved to idealise to travel pickaback with Blondin across his rope. An exception among the celebrities of the past was the "Great" Macdermott.

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When he sang "We don't want to fight" at the London Pavilion, his salary was ten pounds a week, spontaneously increased to twenty pounds a week, which was his price for many years to come.

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From Mr. Hibbert's book it is but a step to Edward H. Sothern's *The Melancholy Tale of "Me."* But as the title implies, Mr. Sothern's book is more a merely personal record. No story involving the Sothern family would be complete that did not introduce the episode of the elder Sothern's development of the character of Lord Dundreary in *Our American Cousin*. As the play was first read to the company, Lord Dundreary was merely a second old man with a few lines. Sothern was so disheartened that he had made up his mind that he would leave America and the stage, and return to England to enter his father's office in Liverpool. Joseph Jefferson, who was the leading comedian of the company, dissuaded him from this step by the promise that he would have liberty to build up the character. Day by day Dundreary was, as it were, superimposed upon the play. The success of the character was not so great at first, but it grew as the actor felt his way. "My father's genius was indeed the genius of infinite pains," records the younger Sothern. "I have heard him relate that the little skip he used in his gait in Dundreary originated simply from his habit of trying to keep in step with my mother as they walked up and down at the back of the stage arranging their lines. The skip and the stutter and other business grew from performance to performance. As Jefferson says in his *Life* the character of Dundreary gradually pushed all the other characters out of the play."

• • •

Probably, to American playgoers, no theatre has been so intimately associated with Edward H. Sothern's work as the old Lyceum Theatre, on Fourth Avenue, in New York City. Mr. Sothern himself feels that affiliation keenly. "Where are they gone, the old familiar places?" he asks. "The Lyceum Theatre, on Fourth Avenue, opposite the Ashland House, is now but a memory. For sixteen years it was my home actually, for I lived there constantly in spirit—even when I was away, ever contemplating what I could produce there on my return. For sixteen years I brought out there a new play each summer under the direction of my guide, philosopher, and friend, Daniel Frohman. I grew there from boyhood to manhood. There I made many of my closest friendships, and there most of the comedy, farce, and tragedy of my existence had its genesis in the real and in the mimic world." It was against the old Lyceum Theatre that he first saw his own name blazoned in letters six feet high as the name of a star. He stood before those giant letters and reflected upon the power of print and the bubble-like quality of reputation. Then he wended his way to Daniel Frohman and said: "The letters are too big; I can never live up to them." Managers are optimistic. "We will try," was the answer.

• • •

One of the greatest successes of the old Lyceum was *The Highest Bidder*. In telling the story of that play two dogs must not be forgotten. These dogs were Death, a bulldog, and Trap, a fox terrier, brought from Europe by Mr. Sothern's brother. One day Mr. Sothern took to his rooms in Twenty-third Street a box of old manuscripts that had belonged to his father. Suddenly Trap flew at the box, seized a printed book, and dashed from the room, out into the street and on to the Lyceum Theatre. He was followed by Mr. Sothern and Death. When the actor finally collared the culprit the business manager of the theatre asked, "What has he got there?" "A play." "Does he want me to read it?" asked the business manager. "If you please." "Take it upstairs to Mr. Frohman." That was done. Frohman accepted it

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and produced it. The play had been written twenty years before for the elder Sothern by Madison Morton and Robert Reece. They called it *Trade*. The hero was an auctioneer who fell in love with the daughter of a haughty baronet; hence the conflict between trade and birth. Neither of the authors of the play, which had been sold by them twenty years before, had ever expected to hear from it again. Reece had become an old man, and was a pensioner at the Charter House in London, like Colonel "Tom" Newcome of glorious memory. The authors were informed of the success of the rechristened *Trade* through the medium of the American Messenger boy, Eugene B. Sanger, who carried the letters across the Atlantic. At the time no London messenger service existed; any one who wished to send a message, sent it either by a cab or called for a commissionaire. In later years an interviewer asked Mr. Sothern for a record of his achievements. Said the actor: "Any distinction for which I may lay claim is not connected with the theatre. Acting is a side issue with me. My chief accomplishment in days to come will be admitted to lie in the realms of invention. I am an inventor." "What did you invent?" asked the surprised scribe. "The London messenger boy. It is entirely owing to my enterprise that messenger boys exist in London."

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

BY MARION FORSTER GILMORE

Out of the soul of the yearning night,
  Out of the heart of the joyous day,
Won from old pain that has brought new sight,
  Born of the joys that have passed away,
Out of the depths like a tender dawn,
Beautiful, beautiful Love is born.

Echo low of the Love divine,
  Shining ray from the Source of Light,
Singing forever, "The world is mine,"
  Clasping the firmament, Day and Night,
Time, Eternity,—strong to move
God's own Universe,—beautiful Love!

Who that is human,—O, glorious Beam,
  Who that glows with the heart's warm fire,
Is not stirred by thy mystic dream,
  Caught on the wings of a god's desire!
Strong, transcendent o'er Death and Time,
Reign forever, O, Love sublime.

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FORD MADOX HUEFFER—IMPRESSIONIST

BY MILTON BRONNER

I

AFTER the great war broke out, there was no fiercer critic of Germany than Ford Madox Hueffer—himself half German. He was not content with writing two books of savage pro-Ally patriotism, but by dint of much insistence and in spite of the fact that he was over age succeeded in obtaining a commission in the big British army which is undertaking the task of whipping the Kaiser's legions.

From his propaganda books we learn that he imbibed not only from his English grandfather, the painter, Ford Madox Brown, but from his German father, Dr. Francis Hueffer as well, a deep hatred of Prussianism and a great love for things French. Indeed he goes to the extreme of saying that in the whole world it is only France that incontestably matters.

Had the war and its resultant hatreds and revelations not taken place, Hueffer would in all probability always have been put down as one who was drawn irresistibly by Germany and German arts, especially by German poetry. Prior to the war, he lived by choice for many months of every year in Germany. As for poetry, he could write in all seriousness: "I would very willingly cut off my right hand to have written the 'Wahlfart nach Kevelaar' of Heine, or 'Im Moos' by Annette von Droste. I would give almost anything to have written almost any modern German lyric or some of the ballads of my friend Levin Schücking."

And in spite of his eleventh-hour and war-inspired vituperation of Prussianism, it is plain that his German blood and his German reading have had a large part in forming his poetic art. From German sources there were derived in considerable measure his singing quality and his flair for free-and-easy verse.

II

But there were other influences, too, not the least being that of the Pre-Raphaelites. Hueffer was born right in the midst of that famous circle. It was his grandfather Brown who so largely influenced the Pre-Raphaelites and of whom his grandson could say that he was the first painter in England, if not in the world, who attempted "to render light exactly as it appeared to him." It was his aunt who married William Rossetti. Hueffer spent his childhood in the houses of the men who made the P. R. B. famous. But he acknowledges a debt to only one of the circle—Christina Rossetti. The rest seem to him to be more or less unworthy. What he admires in Christina is her directness of utterance, her fresh, clean-cut phrasing. He finds nothing at all comparable to it in her more famous compeers.

And finally—though half-grudgingly—he admits a debt to Browning.

If asked what kind of a poet he himself is, Hueffer would reply that he is an impressionist. He attempts in poetry the same kind of impressionism that Manet did in painting—something realistic in its ideals, something that strives to express character rather than beauty or æsthetic idealism. But with Hueffer, we encounter a peculiar kind of impressionism, of realism: "I don't really deal in facts; I have for facts a most profound contempt. I try to give you what I see to be the spirit of an age, of a town, of a movement. This cannot be done with facts."

It is difficult for him to expound his own theories of his poetic art because with him, as he has confessed, the writing of verse is not a conscious art. It is the expression of an emotion. A vague

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rhythm sings in his brain and the lines just come. But if there is this accidental quality to his production, there is nothing accidental to the form it takes. He seeks to avoid all flub-dub. The cause of his admiration of German verse is that the writers are enabled to use the ordinary language of their own circle and their own time. These poets impart to their poetry some of the virtues of prose—direct march of phrasing, avoidance of inversions and of tortured constructions, scorn for the hackneyed literary coins that have been bequeathed by predecessors. The German poets, as Hueffer sees them, express life in the ordinary language employed by living men. In English poetry it is too often true that the poet seeks to express life in a language that is alien to life. So that we get from Hueffer this statement: "What is wanted of a poet is that he should express his own thoughts in the language of his own time."

We gather that he believes it is better for the poet to look about him and tell what he sees with his own eyes, using the words of the people he knows. And, above all, the poet must not be affected. It would be far better to be vulgar than affected. He will not even be shocked if the poet uses slang. This will at least have the savour of the poet's own era. He is a worshipper of Heine and explains his feeling by saying the poems "which are written in colloquial German and with absolute directness of phrase, are the most exquisite things in the world."

Colloquial language, directness of phrasing—these are Hueffer's desiderata. They are the goals for which he aims, not always successfully.

III

In his early work we find him differing not very greatly from the usual run of English poets who write with accomplishment, ease and power. At the most, it can be said he is already an impressionist. In one poem he succeeds in presenting to his reader a complete picture, and in eleven lines he shows traces of his Pre-Raphaelite upbringing. His heroine is one of the long-necked women Rossetti loved to paint and sing:

You make me think of lavender,
And that is why I love you so:
Your sloping shoulders, heavy hair,
And long swan's neck like snow,
Befit those gracious girls of long ago,
Who in closed gardens took the quiet air;
Who lived the ordered life gently to pass
From earth as from rose petals perfumes go,
Or shadows from that dial in the grass;
Whose fingers from the painted spinet keys
Drew small heart-clutching melodies.

And celebrating the same girl, we find this exquisite picture, painted in dim tints:

Come in the delicate stillness of dawn,
Your eyelids heavy with sleep;
When the faint moon slips to its line—dim-drawn,
Grey and a shadow, the sea. And deep, very deep,
The tremulous stillness ere day in the dawn.

Come, scarce stirring the dew on the lawn,
Your face still shadowed by dreams;
When the world's all shadow, and rabbit and fawn—
Those timorous creatures of shadows and gleams;
And twilight and dewlight, still people the lawn.

Children, too, have a decided appeal for him. At least, his own children have. They inspire him with various tender strains, of which the following, with its German diminutive of endearment, is a fair sample:

We've wandered all about the upland fallows,
We've watched the rabbits at their play;
But now, good-night, good-bye to soaring swallows,
Now good-night, good-bye, dear day.

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Poppy heads are closing fast, pigeons circle
home at last;
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the bats are calling.
Pansies never miss the light, but sweet babes
must sleep at night;
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the dew is falling.

But the most effective of his early verses is "An End-Piece." In the lines already quoted, it will have been observed that, as compared with many poets, Hueffer is quite sparing in his use of adjectives. He begins to anticipate the Imagists in at least one thing—he tries for a noun-and-verb verse. He does not believe in burdening his stanzas by piling up the adjectives and especially those adjectives that so often seem as if thrown in more because of the exigencies of the metre than because they are needed to perfect the meaning of the line. In the following poem this Spartan saving of words is most marked. In a dozen lines there are but two adjectives. And note how beautiful the verses are, the last six especially challenging comparison with Stevenson's famous "Requiem":

Close the book and say good-bye to everything;
Pass up from the shore and pass by byre and stall,
—For the smacks shall sail home on the tail of the tides,
And the kine shall stand deep in the sweet water sides,
And they still shall go burying, still wedding brides,
But I must be gone in the morning.

One more look, and so farewell, sweet summering,
One moment more and then no more at all,
For the skipper shall summon his hands to the sea,
And the shepherd still shepherd his sheep on the lea,
But it's over and done with the man that was me,
As over the hill comes the morning.

IV

Hueffer had his romantic phases, his moods common to most English poets before he suddenly struck out in a real modern vein—colloquial, chatty, often humourous, often sounding almost like improvisation. At times it is hard to draw the distinction between the easy, careless music of a skilled craftsman and plain doggerel. But whether—after weighing it in the critical scale—it be declared that one or the other, there is one damning term that cannot be applied to it. It cannot be called dull. Hueffer succeeds almost invariably in being interesting.

One poem stands alone as a sort of half-way house between the verses of his first period and those of his more original and pioneer stage. Fittingly enough this poem is garnished and graced with all the music that is traditional of English songs when they are at their best. It seemingly celebrates old modes and moods. The sting is in the refrain, the pious declaration of a modern who is delighted with his own day and who will waste no time moaning and sighing over the good old times:

When in the prime and May Day time dead
lovers went a-walking,
How bright the grass in lads' eyes was,
how easy poet's talking!
Here were green hills and daffodils, and
copses to contain them;
Daisies for floors did front their doors agog
for maids to chain them.
So when the ray of rising day did pierce
the eastern heaven,
Maids did arise to make the skies seem
brighter far by seven.
Now here's a street where 'bus routes meet,
and 'twixt the wheels and paving
Standeth a lout that doth hold out flowers
not worth the having.
But see, but see! The clock marks three
above the Kilburn Station,
Those maids, thank God! are 'neath the sod
and all their generation.

In *High Germany,* many of whose verses are inspired by German sights and scenes, we get the real Hueffer, the innovator. We see also what it was that drew him to Germany. He was never

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in love with the real Germany at all. For long he did not seem to realise that modern Germany existed. The empire of big industrial cities, of throbbing mills, of busy looms, of peaceful Armadas that took goods to all the ports of the world—the empire of mighty armies and battle cruisers and submarines and Zeppelins, was hidden from his purblind vision. Germany for him was the Germany seen in the pages of Jean Paul Richter and of Heine and in some of the old engravings. It was a Germany of little historic towns with their old, old gabled houses, their quaint churches, their narrow, winding, cobbled streets, their ancient watchman who tottered along proclaiming an invitation to all and sundry to attend the wedding of some peasant girl, or whose voice was faintly heard in the winter night-wind saying that all was well, but that a bitter storm was blowing. When he came to Germany, Hueffer went to the small towns off the beaten track and dreamed of a land and a people that had ceased to exist for at least a half century or more. But it was precisely that past and gone era that held him and that he pictured in some of these poems. He walked along a country road into just such a village as we have described. The voice of starlings was in the air and presently he saw signs of a peasant wedding, but he plodded on and, when he looked back, saw the starlings wheeling over the distant ranges. And suddenly he realised he was getting old. Years ago he would have remained in the village and taken part in the wedding feast, perhaps kissing the bride's pretty sister. But now he walked on toward the goal he had set for himself—just thinking of things. The whole impression is set down in three pages—faggots of irregular lines, as he calls them—but, somehow, we see this village, and we hear the starlings calling, and we realise the change in the man himself. The whole thing is done with such seeming ease. There is no sense of strain in the lines. They just murmur and ripple along:

And this little old place,
It's so quaint,
It's so pleasant;
And the watch bell rings, and the church bell rings
And the wedding procession draws nigh,
Bullock carts, fiddlers and goods.
But I
Pass on my way to the woods
Thinking of things.

We get a second picture of a German town in "In the Little Old Market-Place"—conveying an impression of the moods a heavy rain induces:

It rains, it rains,
From gutters and drains
And gargoyles and gables:
It drips from the tables
That tell us the tolls upon grains,
Oxen, asses, sheep, turkeys, and fowls
Set into the rain-soaked wall
Of the old Town Hall.

But the most telling of these very modern poems are the dream fantasias "To All the Dead" and "On Heaven." In these one is inclined to say the rhythm and the manner and the mood belong to Hueffer with very little debt to any one else. He displays the cunning of an art that seizes upon the attention at the very beginning and does not let go its grip, "To All the Dead." You wonder what it will all be about and then you begin with these strikingly fantastic lines:

A Chinese Queen on a lacquered throne
With a dragon as big as the side of a house,
All golden, and silent and sitting alone
In an empty house.

With the shadows above and the shadows behind,
And the Queen with a paper white, rice white face,
As still as a partridge, as still as a mouse,
With slanting eyes you would say were blind—
In a dead white face.

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And what does she think, and what does she see,
With her face as still as a frozen pool is,
And her air as old as the oldest sea,
Where the oldest ice of the frozen Pole is?

V

But that is merely part of a prelude. The author swiftly takes you to Paris, where he sees some Chinese chiropodists looking out of the windows of their attic. Also he has a conversation with an American who, among other things, tells him about the graves of the ancient mound-builders. Then, hey presto, and the writer is in Germany, in a forest on the uplands. He falls asleep and dreams he sees a tryst. He says to himself it is merely the meeting of a cook and a soldier of one of the Uhlan regiments. But the memory of the Chinese and of the American mounds abides in his dreaming brain. Then it becomes clear to him that the two lovers are not modern Germans at all. They are from centuries before the time of the Huns, who swept into Europe from Asia. They are members of a race that knew China nine thousand years ago. Then follows a quite extraordinary passage which relates how the dead have an obscure life, a very slow life, where a mere whisper may last a hundred years and where it may take another thousand to understand the words that were murmured. These wraiths of long-dead lovers, whom he sees trysting, are living over again a passion of centuries ago. The dream is ended when the writer is awakened by the rustling of leaves caused by a boar and his mates. Put thus baldly, with nothing of its poetic lift, it is hard to realise how effective the poem is despite its slang, its cheap jokes, its lines that strike one as out of place and out of the picture. Read it over again and you become convinced that it could have been written only in the twentieth century. And, again, you do not begin to seek for sources of the poet's inspiration because it strikes you forcibly that he is his own source. At last he is depicting the world as it appears to him, whether it be in his waking or his dreaming hours. The poem has the accent one begins to recognise as Hueffer's own:

For it's nothing but dead and dead and dying,
Dead faiths, dead loves, lost friends and the flying,
Fleet minutes that change and ruin our shows,
And the dead leaves flitter and autumn goes,
And the dead leaves flitter down thick to the ground,
And pomps go down and queens go down,
And time flows on, and flows and flows.

What has been said of this poem applies with even more force to "On Heaven." Only in our time could such a poem have been written without causing a shocked outcry. For different people, the lines will have a different meaning. Hueffer seems to advance the theory that Heaven will be for each man that thing which is nearest his heart's desire. Thus here the lover and his loved one, who was the wife of another, meet without shame and without sorrow in a Heaven which is like France, with its tiny, quaint, charming villages inhabited by its kindly people. Existence goes on very much as it did in the France of this earth before the war in a France idealised by the poet:

So it is, so it goes, in this belovèd place,
There shall be never a grief but passes; no, not any;
There shall be such bright light and no blindness;
There shall be so little awe and so much loving-kindness;
There shall be a little longing and enough care,
There shall be a little labour and enough of toil
To bring back the lost flavour of our human coil;
Not enough to taint it;
And all that we desire shall prove as fair as we can paint it.

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The poem has no touch of ecclesiastical cant. There is nothing about streets of pearl and heavenly crowns. It is all about a twentieth century Heaven, where God Himself is conceived as the loving, kindly comrade:

For God is a good man; God is a kind man;
* * * * *
And God is our father and loves all good lovers.
He has a kindly smile for many a poor sinner;
He takes note to make it up to poor wayfarers on sodden roads;
Such as bear heavy loads
He takes note of, and of all that toil on bitter seas and frosty lands,
He takes care that they shall have good at his hands;
Well he takes note of a poor old cook,
Cooking your dinner;
And much he loves sweet joys in such as ever took
Sweet joy on earth. He has a kindly smile for a kiss
Given in a shady nook.

Applying this method of writing to the incidents of the first months of the great war, in "Antwerp" he paid tribute to the Belgian heroes. He found in them a new glory. Theirs was a sacrifice that puzzled him. It would have been so easy to allow the German legions to pass through the country without resistance. And now their cities were sacked and their lands devastated, and the men were dying and their wives and children, white-faced, hungry and bereaved, were being received at Charing Cross Station in London. Then all is made clear to him. Theirs is a new kind of glory, the glory of those who wrought their fate out of certain doom, who invincibly faced awful odds and forever made the name "Belgian" an honourable name. Theirs was not the glory of gay regiments. Theirs was the distinction attained by serried, stubborn ranks dying on the muddy globe they called their native land:

For the white-limbed heroes of Hellas ride by upon their horses
Forever through our brains.
The heroes of Cressy ride by upon their stallions;
And battalions and battalions and battalions—
The Old Guard, the Young Guard, the men of Minden and of Waterloo,
Pass, forever staunch,
Stand forever true;
And the small man with the large paunch,
And the greycoat, and the large hat, and the hands behind the back,
Watches them pass
In our minds forever . . .
But that clutter of sodden corses
On the sodden Belgian grass—
That is a strange new beauty.

This gives a foretaste of what may be hoped from Hueffer if his life be spared to write of the martial scenes he is witnessing. We have already had poems about the great war, written in the old manner. But this epic contest is so big, so awful, so cataclysmic, it would seem almost impossible to capture the feel of it—the terror, the sweat, the blood, the agony—in the approved lyric style of past days. One looks for chants in this new manner Hueffer pounded out for himself—with its vivid impressionism, its straightforward march as of honest prose transfused with emotion, its irregular lines which nevertheless achieved a wild music, its often homely language of our own hour, its artful artlessness, its well-simulated and seemingly offhand carelessness, its deliberate casting away of the old, outmoded poetical counters whose brightness and beauty was long ago tarnished by use and wont.

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RODS AND GUNNELS

BY JACK LONDON

He who knows but one class of tramps can no more understand that class of tramps than he who knows but one language can understand that language. This is indisputable. And out of this non-misunderstanding, or partial understanding, much erroneous information is given forth to those who do not know tramps at all. And not only is this unjust to those who do not know, but it is unjust to the tramp. It is the intention of this brief article to correct some of this misinformation; and it is as an old-time tramp, a "comet," one who has served his "road-kid" and "gay-cat" apprenticeship, that I shall speak thus authoritatively.

When I say that the average tramp does not understand Trampland, it will be readily understood that the average sociologist, tentatively dabbling, does not and cannot understand Trampland. A single instance of this should suffice. Now it is notorious that Eastern tramps do not know how to "railroad." The tramp whose habitat has been confined to the East and South can no more "hold down" a train in spite of a "horstile" crew than can he step into Rockefeller's office and "hold down" Standard Oil. Conditions do not demand it. He is not trained to it. The crews are rarely "horstile." Speaking out of my own experience, I have been but twice put off trains between the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean; while west of the Mississippi I have been put off, and thrown off, and beaten off more times than I can recollect.

But the instance I have in mind. In professional Trampland the United States over, "riding the rods" has a specific meaning. It characterises, not various kinds of acts, but one particular act. Yet the average Eastern tramp and the average Eastern tramp-investigator do not know what this particular act is. The ordinary tramp hears the professional tramp, the comet, or the tramp-royal, speak of "riding the rods," and, utterly ignorant of what the rods are (because he has never had to ride them), he confuses them with the gunnels and concludes that he, too, has "ridden the rods." And not only this, for he describes the operation to the tramp-investigator, poses on the gunnels before a camera, and the erroneous picture is reproduced in our magazines, labelled "Riding the Rods."

Now, what are the gunnels? As correctly described but incorrectly named, they are "the truss rods which, after the fashion of bridge trusses, support the middle stretch of the car between trucks." They are heavy iron rods which run lengthwise with the car, and which differ in number and shape according to the make of the car. While they occur on passenger coaches, no one ever dreams of riding them except on freight cars. And by those who know

Mr. Bailey Millard's paper in the present number on "Jack London: Farmer" presents the author, come to forty year, in the enjoyment of his well-earned affluence. But there were other chapters in Mr. London's varied and adventurous life. There were the early days before the mast, the seal-hunting experiences in Behring Sea, and the arduous weeks of tramping throughout the United States and Canada in the pursuit of social and economic knowledge. To The Bookman *for August, 1902, Mr. London contributed a paper entitled "Rods and Gunnels." It was a vivid picture of certain of his own adventures in Tramp Land. We are reprinting that paper here as a contrast to Mr. Millard's article.*

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and who set the pace in Trampland, they are named "gunnels." And be it remarked parenthetically that criteria are required in Trampland as well as any other land. Somebody must set the pace, give the law, sanction usage.

Anybody with arms and legs can ride the gunnels. It requires no special trick or nerve, and this in the face of the dictum of the ordinary tramp (the "gay-cat" and stew-bum), who swells pridefully and narrates valourously in the presence of the stray and passing sociologist.

But to "ride the rods" requires nerve, and skill, and daring. And, by the way, there is but one rod, and it occurs on passenger coaches. Idiomatically, it becomes "rods," just as idiomatically we speak of "riding trains." As a matter of fact, I have never yet met a man who made a practice of riding more than one train at a time. But to return. One never rides the gunnels on "passengers;" one never rides the rods on "freights." Also, between the rod on a "four-wheeler" and the rod on a "sixwheeler" there is the difference of life and death.

A four-wheel truck is oblong in shape, and is divided into halves by a cross-partition. What is true of one-half is true of the other half. Between this cross-partition and the axle is a small lateral rod, three to four feet in length, running parallel with both the partition and the axle. This is *the* rod. There is more often than not another rod, running longitudinally, the air-brake rod. These rods cross each other; but woe to the tyro who takes his seat on the brake-rod! It is not *the* rod, and the chance is large that the tyro's remains will worry and puzzle the county coroner.

Let me explain how such a rod is ridden. One may take his seat on it when the train is stationary. This is comparatively easy. But the "comet" and the "profesh," the men who ride despite "horstile" crews, are wont to take their seats while the train is under way. This is how it is done, and since I have done it often, for clearness let me describe it in the first person:

The train is pulling out and going as fast as a man can run, or even faster. Time, night or day; to one who is familiar it does not matter. I stand alongside the track. The train is approaching. With a quick eye I select the coach and truck—the for'ard truck, so that, sheltered by the cross-partition, I shall avoid "punching the wind." I begin to run gently in the direction the train is going. As "my" truck comes closer I hit up my pace, and just before it reaches me I make one swift spurt, so that when it is abreast of me the respective velocities of the train and myself are nearly equalised. At this moment (and it must be the moment of moments and neither the moment before nor the moment after), at this moment I suddenly stoop, reach under the car and seize hold of the first gunnel; and at this same instant I lift my feet from the ground, swing my body under the car and bring my feet to rest on the brake-beam. The posture is undignified and perilous. My feet are merely resting, my whole weight is supported by my arms, the car above me is rolling and jolting, and my back is toward the rails singing beneath.

But, hand over hand, I haul myself in till I am standing in a doubled position on the brake-beam. It will be noted that I am still *outside* the truck. Between the top of the truck and the bottom of the car is a narrow space, barely sufficient to admit a man's body. Through this I squeeze, in such manner that my feet still remain *outside* the truck on the brake-beam, my stomach is pressed against the *top* of the truck, and my head and shoulders, unsupported, are *inside* the truck. I say "unsupported," and I mean it, for beneath my chest is the rapidly revolving axle. This I dare not touch, but must thrust my head and trunk, snake fashion, over and past it and down till I can lay my hands on either the brake-rod or the cross-rod. This done, my head and shoulders are now lower than my hips (which are on top the truck), and I must draw my hips, legs and feet over and down across that moving axle without touching.

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Squirming and twisting, this is accomplished, and I sit down on the cross-rod, back resting against the side of the truck, one shoulder against the cross-partition, the other shoulder within a couple of inches of the whirling wheel. My legs are disposed along the rod to where my feet rest on it at the opposite end within an inch or so of the other wheel. More than once I have had a wheel rasp against my shoe or whizz greasily on my shoulder. Six or eight inches beneath me are the ties, bounding along at thirty, forty, or fifty miles an hour, and all in the world between is a slender swaying rod as thick as a man's first finger. Dirt and gravel are flying, the car is bounding overhead, the earth flashing away beneath, there is clank and clash, and rumble and roar, and . . . this is "riding the rods."

As I write I have before me my "ticket." I have ridden countless miles on it. It is a piece of three-quarter-inch pine, well seasoned, four inches wide by five long. Across it a rude groove has been gashed with a jack-knife. Into this groove the rod fits, and on this piece of wood the man sits. It is a small affair. When not in use I carried it in my hip pocket. Yet I have seen the passing sociologist and tramp-investigator, in the course of mis-describing rod-riding, speak of "tickets" which were four-foot planks!

I remember being "ditched" on a little "jerk" road in the French country near Montreal. With me were two other "stiffs," Vancouver Ned and Chi Slim. Vancouver Ned was a tramp-royal. He was just back from across the pond and was returning to Vancouver. Chi Slim, as his "monica" denotes, hailed from Chicago. He thought of himself as a "blowed in-the-glass stiff," and so far as his experience went he was so blown, but his experience was quite limited. His seven years of tramping had been narrowly confined. He was not a product of rigid selection. A certain repressed eagerness alternated with fits of timidity, and one could see at a glance that this was his first big adventure. He had broken out of his habitat and was at last on the great "road." And as befitted one honoured by the companionship of a "comet" and a tramp-royal, he deemed it necessary to put on a wise "front." He was a bold, bad man, and the chests he threw amused Vancouver Ned and me. Since he was bound West, we knew he stood in need of education, and Vancouver Ned kindly proceeded to "put him wise" concerning the "railroading" he would have to do ere he achieved West. Vancouver Ned mentioned riding the rods as necessary for getting over the ground. Oh, he knew all about riding the rods, did Chi Slim; he was no "gay cat." I saw that he needed fetching down a peg or so, told him that I knew he did not know, and challenged him to go down to the railroad yards and show us the rods. He led the way confidently, and, as we had suspected, pointed in triumph to the gunnels!

Another current and widespread misconception is that the train crews (the "shacks"), if they wished, could prevent all tramps from riding. It is undeniable that if they tried they could prevent many tramps from riding, but it is deniable that they could prevent all. There are probably some several thousand tramps in the United States who can successfully defy any such attempt, while the very attempt would develop many thousand more—the men who "hold down" trains in spite of the crews "horstile" or otherwise. I have forced an Overland Mail to stop five times, and then indulged the anxious-eyed passengers with a rough-and-tumble with the "shacks" before I was finally "ditched." But this was in broad daylight and I was handicapped. Had it been night-time, barring accidents, they could not have kept me off. But they were carrying the mails, and a policy of stopping five times for every tramp along the track is on the face of it absurd. As Josiah Flynt has pointed out, to completely rid a railroad of tramps a police service is necessary. The trainmen have other functions to perform. And as to

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the brakemen being passively consenting parties to the free freightage of hoboes, well, and what of it? It's easier to than not to; and further, more than one overzealous "shack" has been strewn in fragments along the right of way by tramps who elected to become "horstile."

The point of this article is: *that when the lesser local tramps are themselves ignorant of much of the real "road," the stray and passing sociologist, dealing only with the lesser local tramps, must stand in corresponding ignorance.* Such investigators do not deal with the genuine "profesh." The tramps they probe and dissect are mere creatures, without perspective, incapable of "sizing up" or understanding the Underworld in which they live. These are the *canaille* and *bourgeoisie,* these "gay cats," "bindle stiffs," "stake men," "shovel bums," "mushers," "fakirs" and "stew bums." As well might the Man from Mars get a lucid and philosophic exposition of twentieth-century sublunary society from a denizen of Mulberry Street as the stray and passing sociologist get a clear and searching exposition of the "road" from these men.

The "profesh" do not lend themselves to putting inquisitive "mugs" wise. They do not lend themselves to putting any one wise save their own "prushuns." Nor can the superficial investigator come to know the "profesh" by merely "hitting the road." So far as they are concerned, he will be despised as a "gay cat," or, in more familiar parlance, as a short horn, a tenderfoot, a new chum. He cannot know the "profesh" until he has hobnobbed with them, and he cannot hobnob with them until he has qualified. And he may be so made that he can never qualify. Thousands of men on the "road" are unfit to be "profesh;" it is impossible for them to be "profesh." The "profesh" are the aristocracy of their Underworld. They are the lords and masters, the aggressive men, the primordial noble men, the *blond beasts* of Nietzsche, lustfully roving and conquering through sheer superiority and strength. Unwritten is the law they impose. They are the Law, the Law incarnate. And the Underworld looks up to them and obeys. They are not easy of access. They are conscious of their own nobility and treat only with equals. Unless the investigator qualify, as Josiah Flynt qualified ("The Cigarette"), he will never know them. And unless he be able to qualify and know them, he will be no fit exponent of the Underworld to the Upperworld.

AUTUMN DAY

BY RAINER MARIA RILKE

LORD: it is time. The summer was so grand.
Upon sundials now Thy shadow lay,
Set free Thy winds and send them o'er the land.

Command to ripen those last fruits of Thine;
And give them two more southern days of grace
To reach their perfect fullness, and then chase
The final sweetness into heavy wine.

Who now is homeless, ne'er will build a home.
Who now is lonely, long alone will stay,
Will watch and read and write long letters grey,
And in the long lanes to and fro will roam
All restless, as the drifting fall-leaves stray.

From "A Harvest of German Verse." By Margarete Münsterberg. D. Appleton and Company.

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SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

It is surprising how many novelists of marked ability England continues to produce, from year to year, as it were out of her sleeve. Often we do not hear of them till they have become well enough known at home. But American publishers grow less cautious about attempting to market English wares, as the American public becomes more familiar with them. There are now two or three houses which freely issue American editions (less commonly American printings, of course) of fiction that has hardly gone beyond a success of esteem in the land of its birth. Two such books, I suppose, are *Fondie* and *Casuals of the Sea.*

These are stories of remarkable quality but hardly (for a guess) of popular quality. They are not women's books, to begin with, though to me the chief figure in *Fondie* is a woman and not the title-person. They are not "pleasant," they do not "turn out right" for the sake of the old-fashioned "fair reader," nor are they concerned with the pretensions and freedoms of the female of the hour—for her own sake. They have little recognisable structure, or even action—none at all in the dramatic sense. Neither of them takes a very cheerful view of "civilised" life with its conventions, its enslavements, and its hypocrisies. Both seem to look upon the world with a kind of smiling melancholy, a pondering acceptance of conditions hardly capable of radical improvement by such a creature as man in such a world as the present. And they take for their human types people of no exceptional surrounding or endowment, from the middle class or lower, and show them in process of living out their natures or their fates as best they may. The boy Fondie and the boy Hanny are as unlike any recognised type of romantic "hero" as they are unlike each other. But, on the other hand, they are unlike the chosen protagonists of most "grim realism," for the reason that they exist anatomically. Sinews move them, not strings from above; they breathe not as bellows, but out of sound ribs that expand within limits, like our own.

Fondie Bassiemoor is a queer figure, and I fancy that, when all is said, the story-teller admires him more than any of his auditors are likely to. On the whole, he deserves ranking among those studies in real character which I was citing last month. His strength is hidden under an odd mask—of a youth, personable enough, whose chief impulses, taking him superficially, are to deprecate, to concede, to conform, to knock under. He has the manners of an Uriah Heep and the soul of a Galahad—and fares accordingly. This incomprehensible son of roaring Joe Bassiemoor the wheelwright is labelled and done for from the outset by the whole village of Whivvle as Fondie—the foolish one. In time he proves himself a good workman and a useful citizen in various ways, but it is not until he knocks a man down that his manhood is proved, and that feat he robs of credit by the humbleness of his apologies. In

*Fondie. By Edward C. Booth. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Casuals of the Sea. By William McFee. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Sailor. By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Witte Arrives. By Elias Tobenkin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Heart of Rachael. By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Nest-Builder. By Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Woman Gives. By Owen Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Rising Tide. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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the end his strength hardly comes to more than the strength of unconquerable sweetness and self-abnegation. He might have won Blanche, he might even have saved her for some sort of happiness if he had possessed a grain less of meekness and a grain more of courage and of common-sense. We do somehow believe in him, even grow fond of him. But the girl Blanche is, as I have said, the really moving and tragic figure of the story. She is not the new girl whom we now have so much with us—the female in revolt against a special tradition or set of traditions. The Blanches have always been in revolt. That she is daughter of a country vicar throws a sharp and narrow light upon her, that is all. Hers is the revolt of warm and pleasure-loving youth against everything but warmth and pleasure. Her nature is unmoral, self-sufficing, "pagan." She casts herself blithely in the way of peril, plays exultantly with fire until the moment when the flame catches and she is consumed. On the surface, it is the old plot of the young squire-Lothario and the village maiden, but with very different handling. For Blanche does not fall through innocence, she is not technically "betrayed," though young Lothario is perfidious enough after the fact. The piteous thing is her awakening from her confused dream of youth and desire and joy without penalty, to a realisation of law as it governs the world in which she must actually live —if she lives at all. That there is a fineness in her is proved by her refusal of Fondie's sacrificial offer. In the upshot, she drowns herself; and her author, who will not be her judge, turns upon her his thoughtful, kindly gaze: "Who knows, Blanche, save you whose icy lips retain the secret safely locked behind them—who knows but that destiny led you well and wisely, and that her cruel hand was kindest after all? For now you never can grow old; age can haunt you with no terrors. Respectability can never claim you as her rightful lifelong prey, and write upon your face the careworn lines and characters with which, too frequently, she signalises her elect. . . . And of the darkness never were you yet afraid."

The author of *Casuals of the Sea* looks upon the world with like interest and like good-humoured skepticism. With all the seven years' labour which, we are told, he put into this book, he failed (if he tried?) to give it anything like unity of structure. Perhaps it may best be taken as a brief trilogy—which might have been called "The Gooderiches"—rather than as a long and straggling "novel." Gooderich the father is a North London mechanic who in middle life marries a poor, pretty Mary, a servant who has "got into trouble" and has a girl-baby to show for it. He himself is a dull and aimless plodder, Mary a feeble dabbler at life, yet the girl-baby and the two sons born to the Gooderiches proper grow up as considerable entities: with them we have to deal. With the older son, Bert, contrary to all signs, we have next to no concern after the first few chapters. It rather looks as if the author had started to make him a chief figure and had been diverted by his interest in the two other children. The first Book leads us to the forlorn end of Mr. Gooderich. The second Book concerns the cool egotist Minnie, and the third, the ineffective dreamer Hannibal. At the end of Book One, the chronicler gives his interpretation of what is to follow: "Had fate been propitious here we might have proceeded to record the history of a genius, an iconoclast, a seer, an artist. The materials were there, if you consider the boy's crystal-clear vision of mind, his corporeal swimming and full brown eye. But the fuel was slow-burning, the flame wandered uselessly, and while the heat was to no purpose, there was no explosion, no power. The dreamer, the thoughtful ones, need this most of all. Without it they are peculiar, but ineffectual, sometimes also abominably sensual. You shall see. . . . Here therefore ends this part of the book. To what good purpose were it to proceed laboriously with the disintegration

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of this family, having shown you the spiritual fact accomplished. That they emerge later, coagulated to a certain extent, disperse once more, and finally pass, making through Hannibal Gooderich 'a small tribute to the ascending efforts' of the world, will be manifest in the conclusion, if your patience will carry you so far. But that a promise may be redeemed, we may interpolate as an episode (at this time of day!) the love-story of the girl."

Minnie's story may be rated as a love-story only in a shallow sense. For this casual "child of love" is mysteriously equipped from birth with an egotism and self-sufficiency that leave room for no supreme demand upon any fellow-creature. She has her hour of passionate surrender to a brilliant man who quite frankly needs her for that hour. Thereafter for some years she coldly submits herself to other temporary relations, as a convenient means of the varied experience she craves. For all her technical frailty, there is something remote and inaccessible about her which attracts men. Eventually she wearies of her way of life and, being human enough to desire the experience of motherhood, permits one of her lovers to marry her. This is a middle-aged sea-captain, and it chances to be his ship in which her brother Hanny makes good his own escape from the prison of the life he has been born to. Book Three, which takes up more than half the volume, records Hanny's adventures in the direction of true living. He is running away from a little cousin who has taken him over with the notion of remoulding him to her Cockney's heart's desire; but before he has fairly left England he ties himself to a very different sort of a girl, a Welsh barmaid with whom the author is confessedly in love. For the sake of the money and manhood he owes her, Hanny gives up his easy steward's job for one of the most toilsome posts on board a steamship, that of trimmer. This introduces us to the setting of stokehold and engine-room in which, as a marine engineer, the author's own daily experience has lain for many years. Nowhere, I think, has the fact been so clearly enforced that steam has not destroyed the magic of the sea, that a stoker as well as a man before the mast, may be a seaman. Poor Hanny does not altogether find himself upon the sea, his finale is inconclusive enough, but he does find at least glimpses of himself and of his true path such as he would never have found behind his tobacconist's counter. "Cast off, sealed orders," are his last words as he abandons life, not unwillingly, for another phase of adventure.

Mr. Snaith's *The Sailor* has several points of resemblance to this story. Here is another English boy of least promising origin who makes his journey upward by way of the sea. Hannibal Gooderich remains, after all his groping, nothing more than a genius who might have been. Henry Harper we are called upon to accept as the real thing. As often with Mr. Snaith, we have a surface of realism, or more properly naturalism, and a structure and spirit of romance. Henry Harper's father has murdered his mother (not without cause) and been hanged for it. Henry is foully used through childhood by a hag who passes as his aunt. Brutalised, dumb, and absolutely illiterate, he becomes cabin-boy on a sailing vessel, and in time goes before the mast. But for contact with a single wandering Englishman, who is adventuring in the forecastle as elsewhere, he enters manhood quite unawakened, a helpless slave of circumstance. It is mere circumstance and not his own will that finally frees him from the bondage of the sea. So much for "realism." With his setting foot ashore the romantic part of his adventure begins. He has shown himself a genius at football before he has acquired any further literary accomplishment than the ability to write his name. Then he learns to read, and another sort of genius is aroused in him. While his speech remains illiterate, he writes a sea tale which is accepted with enthusiasm by the most exclusive of English maga-

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zines, and from that time his standing as a writer is assured. Oh, these geniuses! I suspect there are more of them produced on paper by the novelists, year by year, than out of flesh and bood by the Creator. Apart from his inspired vein, which we must take on faith, our Henry Harper is a worthy and rather dull young man, who stupidly marries a woman of easy morals and consuming thirst. By virtue of that inspired vein he not only becomes famous, but in the end wins a lady of good birth to be his mate. The rather affectedly literary letter which is our last communication from him, in which he describes his blessedness and his ambitions, sounds, to tell the truth, more like the utterance of a woman's club orator than of a genius: "If this prayer is heard, on a day Ulysses may proclaim in native woodnotes wild the goodness of the living God, and hymn the glories of a universe that man, ill-starred as he may be, is powerless to defile." That kind of thing.

There is greater simplicity and sincerity in *Witte Arrives,* with its not dissimilar theme. Aaron Witkowski is a Jew who makes his way from the Russian Pale to America, and becomes Aaron Witte, and the founder of an American family. He is a man of learning who, but for his unworldly marriage, might have become a rabbi in his own land. In America he remains a peddler because he will not make the sacrifice of Jewish observances necessary to commercial success. The son Emil inherits his strength of mind and character, but there is no serious question that he will take the American road to recognition. He comes out of a Western university determined to be a writer. His first step, he thinks, is newspaper work, and he succeeds in it. But he finds the path from journalism to authorship unexpectedly difficult. A sudden marriage with a girl of his own race lessens his independence. Hard times follow. His brilliancy as a painter of life among the oppressed or the neglected of our cities is recognised; but it is a perilous brilliancy in journalism. He comes to New York, leaving his young wife in Chicago, and assails the magazines with fiction and articles, to small purpose at first. But he gets his foothold and, in time, his assured place among interpretators of American life. Meanwhile the young wife has died. In the end we part with Witte at the moment when, despite all barriers of race, he has become betrothed to an American gentlewoman. In this as a climax there is, it seems to me, a note of strain—the only one in the book. Witte might quite well have stood on his own feet, without this sort of sentimental propping up. But the main picture of the ardent young alien becoming, in a brief score of years, a loyal and thorough-going American, is of a sort to stiffen our faith in the melting-pot. Professor Phelps has justly compared the book with Mary Antin's *The Promised Land.* The reactionary "native" American may suspect that the Wittes and the Antins take somewhat too rosy a view of the situation as a whole, since the Wittes and the Antins, of whatever race, are so much more clearly persons than types.

In none of these books does the question (or the condition) of Woman with a capital rear its head, but She is by no means ignored in several other stories on our list. Mrs. Norris, of course, holds no brief for woman as a detached or detachable article. She is, as it were, all for home and mother, for the importance and the interdependence of love and marriage and parenthood. The modern woman with her free view and conduct is represented in *The Heart of Rachael,* but only as a foil for the old-fashioned and, as Mrs. Norris believes, perennial woman. Rachael herself, with a will to be worldly, with her self-centred youth, her calculating, unhappy marriage, her divorce, her braving of Mrs. Grundy, is, at heart, that woman, and cannot be happy till she confesses and fulfills her nature. The social atmosphere of the story is of the rich American bridge-playing, heavy drink-

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ing, country-clubbing sort which belonged to Mr. Nicholson's *Proof of the Pudding*. Rachael's first husband is a sot. Her second and, as we finally discover, true mate is a distinguished surgeon who, after achieving marriage and paternity, very nearly wrecks everything for the sake of a mere pretty girl by the wayside. His heart, however, is all the time true to Poll, and they are reunited in the end by the familiar motive of "the child." . . . "My life is going to be one long effort to keep you absolutely happy," declares the rescued husband, with honest optimism. We cannot wonder that Rachael's happiness is tinged with a certain condescension. "Rachael felt that he had never been so infinitely dear, so much hers to protect and save. The wonder of marriage came to her, the miracle of love rooted too deep for disturbance, of love fed on faults as well as virtues; so light a tie in the beginning, so powerful a bond as the years go by." Inasmuch as this miracle comes to Rachael in the course of a second experiment at marriage, it is a little hard to see how the story can justly be trumpeted (as it has been) as an arraignment of divorce. As for one episode—that of the surgeon operating upon his own mangled child without the use of anæsthetics—the description, in its attempt to wring our hearts with pity, is excruciatingly and unpardonably explicit. There are times when the sentimentalist is capable of a "frightfulness" with which the rawest naturalism can hardly vie.

The Nest-Builder is a good deal the same sort of story, less emotionally handled. Here we have another superb, Diana-like woman, another husband who adores, and wanders, and comes back to pitying and protective arms. Stefan Byrd is a painter and a genius, and the everlasting "artistic temperament" comes in as a consideration, but less offensively than is common, because he is represented as nothing worse than an irresponsible child—not a ranging animal, at least. As in the instance just cited, marriage palls and Stefan duly succumbs to a youthful enchantress. Having lived with her in Paris for some time, he writes about it to his wife (who is about to have a second child) and owns up the whole thing in the following ingenuous terms: "I care for you, my dear, I believe you the noblest and most beautiful of women, but from F. I have had something which a woman of your kind could never give, and in spite of the pain I feel for your grief, I cannot say with truth that I regret it. . . I ask you to forgive me, Mary, for I love you still—better now than when I left you—and I hold you above all women. The cup is still at my lips, but if you will grant me forgiveness I will drink no more." There's a fair offer for you! Strangely enough, it is too much for Mary, the worm turns, and our precious Stefan presently finds himself thrown off by both of his women. He might have been quite at a loss, for a time, if the war hadn't broken out at that convenient moment, and enabled him to enlist in the Foreign Legion, and offer his life to France. He comes out of it all paralysed from the waist down, a broken and empty vessel for his once more devoted wife to set upon her domestic shelf and keep carefully dusted until its Master removes it for good. But that is a contingency not too far off, and we are not permitted to deplore a wasted life for the heroine. There are other men in her background—MacEwan the Scot, and Farraday, and Gunther, the big sculptor, who need only wait. The whole thing is summed up by "Mac," in a letter to Farraday: "Poor Byrd, so you say he'll not last many years. Well, life would have broken him anyway, and it's grand he's found himself before the end. He's not the lasting kind, there's too much in him, and too little. She wins, after all, James; life won't cheat her as it has him. She is here just to be true to her instincts—to choose the finest mate for her nest-building. She is an intrument." Another old-fashioned woman, portrayed, let us gratefully note, by a femininist and suffragist of no small promi-

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nence. It is a good story as a story, and involves not a little genuine characterisation.

Nothing of the kind may justly be said of *The Woman Gives,* in which the author of *The Salamander* once more skilfully tickles the palate of the magazine public. Well he knows how little that public, as represented by the "best-paying" magazines, cares for a sincere interpretation of character in action. The comic sense, the sex thrill, the artificial punch, are all capably attended to here. Especially, of course, the sex thrill. And the setting is that quasi-Bohemia of the novelists in which curious youth finds an inexhaustible store of titillating romance. The heroine (save the mark!) is a species of solemn and deliberate Trilby who, abhorring marriage, regards it as her mission to give herself to this or that erring genius who may "need" her to jack him up to his loftiest plane of achievement. Dangerfield, her immediate sex-protegé, is a painter who, after a devastating marriage, has taken to drink. Inga appropriates him, against his will at first. But he presently falls in love with her and proposes marriage. She frankly prefers to be his mistress, so that she may be free for other missions later on, and consents to a marriage ceremony on the understanding that she is to be freed whenever she likes. Dangerfield is permanently reformed and becomes duly famous; whereupon Inga, as per schedule, withdraws for the purpose of going to another flagging genius who needs her expert services. Mr. Johnson evidently admires her greatly, and will doubtless have the triumph of inducing a large number of Sophomores and shop-girls to share his admiration. There is a growing tendency among moralists of Mr. Johnson's stamp to invest the oldest profession in the world with the status of a new occupation for women.

We turn with relief from this exhibit of facile pandering to Mrs. Deland's sincere study of youth rallying hot-footed to the doubtful standard of feminism. Her Freddy Payton, with her passionate defiance of convention and the tyrannous sex, her boundless faith in the rights and powers of women, is a true portent of the hour. She is absurd, but she means something. Her insurgency is thrown into relief by the background of her domestic background—a hopelessly Victorian mother tied to the memory of her servitude to a weak and dissolute husband, and to the presence of a half-witted son who is the fruit of that husband's vices. The Freddy who is all that she could never have been, who smokes, and swears, and asserts the superiority of her sex, and looks to the vote as a panacea—this young, alert, rebellious creature is almost a monster in her mother's eyes. Freddy will not pretend, will have no shams, and, alas, is ready to subscribe for the crudest notions of the present in her eagerness to show her contempt for the past. There is a young Howard in the girl's foreground, with whom Fred plays at friendship, and to whose masculine propinquity, for all her cool theories about love, the girl in her secretly succumbs. He admires her brains and energy, and is so ready to be with her, and above all to listen to her that she takes his return of feeling for granted. In accordance with her notions of equal freedom between the sexes, therefore, she presently proposes marriage, only to discover that he loves a sweet, feminine young creature whom she has always condescended to. She herself feels a purely feminine shame for the advances she has made. Yet she is not thereby suddenly converted from her beliefs, but is set on the way to become a woman instead of a mere protestant against man. As for marriage, her destined mate awaits her in the person of a middle-aged trustee of her father's estate, Arthur Weston. For him we foresee both trouble and happiness with her; she will not throw away her high spirit or her dreams, but she will learn to temper them and to make them fruitful. This difficult theme, which is wont to arouse voices so shrill or so gruff on one side or the other, Mrs. Deland has treated, after her wont, with infinite good sense and sound humour.

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THE AMERICAN CONSULAR SERVICE*

BY H. G. DWIGHT

To speak of our Consular Service is to speak of things which to-day are and to-morrow are not. It is passing through a period of transition so searching that no contemporary account can have more than a general accuracy. And such an account will naturally be more at home with the phase not quite passed than with the phase not quite attained. For the moment, however, the Service remains one of the latest survivals of our Arcadian period, which may be said to have closed with the Spanish War. Our slowness to put it upon a reasonable basis represents a last stand—for the Asiatic seclusion of our fathers, against what they believed to be pernicious monarchical ideas. Strictly speaking, therefore, this characteristic institution of ours is no Service at all. For while it comprises some three hundred establishments in all parts of the world, employing over a thousand persons, it is organised upon so provisional and inadequate a system that we could scarcely have invented a more preposterous one if we had set out with the express purpose of doing so.

But the halcyon days of the theory that any American was by virtue of his enfranchised estate competent to discharge any duty which heaven might stoop to put upon him—provided he didn't get too familiar with it—are no more. Less and less does the conduct of our public affairs resemble nothing so much as the good old game of stage-coach, with presidential inaugurations to start the general scuffle for seats. No longer do ward heelers, poor relations, country editors, superannuated clergymen, young gentlemen ambitious to explore foreign lands at the least possible expense, or persons whose friends hope that a change of scene may prove beneficial—one of the reasons has been exploited in that amusing musical comedy *The Yankee Consul!*—freely obtain forage at the consular end of the public crib. Moreover, it must be admitted that some such providence as the one reputed to watch over children and drunkards has kept a kindly eye upon us. Of course it would be idle to expect that men with no special equipment, and removed from office as soon as they had obtained that equipment,, could do the work of highly trained officials like those of England, Germany, or Japan. But our system, or lack of system, has at least contrived to bring together a far better class of men than a bureaucracy with the same salaries could have done. The freshness they have brought to their work, too, has gone far toward discounting its disadvantages. And if there have been men among them who were a public disgrace, there have also been many who were a public honour.

Of these latter it is interesting, in a magazine like THE BOOKMAN, to recall that no small proportion have been men of letters. If that was another sign of an Arcadian period it was one of the most engaging. A country that would scorn so monarchical a proceeding as to lend official countenance to the arts could yet feel pride in bestowing, with the left hand as it were, an ephemeral government post upon a son who held commerce with the Muses! One may wonder a little how this policy was supposed to consort with the scriptural dictum as to serving God and Mammon; but it offers its testimony as to a state of society and a relation to the world at large. Hawthorne's name, in this connection, is the one that comes most readily to mind. His friend and classmate Franklin Pierce, whose ascent to the presidency he had in a manner forwarded, appointed him in 1853 to the

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consulate at Liverpool. What he made of his double allegiance, in that dreary town, we know from *Our Old Home* and the English Notebooks. *The Marble Faun* and the Italian Notebooks are only less direct results of the experience, for unless Hawthorne had gone to England when he did he probably would never have seen Florence or Rome.

Another appointee of President Pierce was Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, better known and loved as Ik Marvel. He was sent to Venice, where his lines might seem to have been cast in pleasanter places than those of Hawthorne. But if Liverpool was at that time the most lucrative post in the service, Venice was probably the least. At all events Mr. Mitchell found it necessary to retire within the year, and his amusing paper "Some Account of a Consulate" (*Harper's,* 1855), throws light upon the left-handed generosities of an Arcadian period. His story "Count Pesaro" commemorates the quarters he occupied—the unfinished Palazzo Venier, with its one row of windows opening upon the Grand Canal and its cypresses rooted where the great *sala* should have been.

Mr. Howells, who went to Venice in wartime, fared more fortunately. He staid out his four years, and to them we owe *Venetian Life* and *Italian Journeys,* to say nothing of *The Lady of the Aroostook, A Fearful Responsibility,* and much else in his work that is less easy to isolate. In this case there was the happiest conjunction of Arcadian periods, for not only did Mr. Howell's years make him so susceptible to the enchantments of Venice that his young impressions remain true to the most protean of cities in spite of all the changes through which she since has passed—Maurice Hewlett, indeed, says that no one else in our day has written a readable book of travel—but Grand Canal rents were then of an idyllic conformity to the meagerest consular incomes. That he could have a balcony of the stately Palazzo Giustinian, with its magnificent outlook upon the first two links of the canal, and that certain of his successors could inhabit such celebrated palaces as the Palazzo Dario and the Ca' d'Oro, is evidence enough of other times to the humbler gentlemen of to-day who plant what *pied à terre* they may in the side canals.

The next of our better known writers to go abroad with a consul's commission was Bret Harte, who went to Crefeld in 1878, and two years later to Glasgow. We have little from his pen to commemorate this part of his life; but his own estimate of its importance is evident enough from the fact that upon retiring from the Consular Service in 1883 he chose to end his days in England. After him there are many other names that one might mention. Albion W. Tourgée, author of *A Fool's Errand,* was consul at Bordeaux for six years, and at the time of his death had recently been transferred to Halifax. John J. Piatt, joint author with Mr. Howells of *Poems by Two Friends,* was sent by Mr. Arthur to Cork, where he remained as an example to all mankind until 1894. W. J. Stillman, so long the Roman correspondent of the London *Times,* attended to our consular affairs in Rome and later in Crete. The Honourable John Bigelow, editor of Franklin's works and author of many of his own, was so successful a Consul General at Paris during the war that he was promoted to the Legation. Mr. George Horton, of poetry and of the Chicago *Record-Herald,* went to Athens during Cleveland's second administration and is now there again. "Modern Athens" and "In Argolis" are records of his observations by the way, and very pleasing ones at that. Another gentleman now in the service who has contributed to its literature is Mr. Benjamin H. Ridgely, Consul General at Barcelona. His experiences have furnished some entertaining stories to the magazines. And in this connection we must not forget Professor Luigi Monti of Harvard, the original of Longfellow's Sicilian Student, who served us in Palermo for many years and whose book *The Adventures of an American Consul*

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Abroad is the classic of the Arcadian period. Then, if one might branch out into the kindred arts, there was Hiram Powers, there was Thomas Nast, there was— But it is time that we proceeded to some account of the Service itself.

I

While it is possible to speak of the Consular Service as a homogeneous organisation, and to describe it as such, there are differences of grade and function within it which are not always understood by outsiders. Thus there are three principal classes of consular officers carrying on the same general work but differing between themselves in important particulars. A consul-general—there are fifty-nine in the Service—is the highest of these, ranking with a brigadier-general in the army, or a commandant in the navy. He is likely to be established at the capital and to exercise a certain amount of jurisdiction over the consulates in the same country. This is not always the case, however. In Austria-Hungary, Belgium, France and Great Britain, we have two consuls-general each, in Germany six, and in China seven. Next come the consulates, of which there are now 246. A consul ranks with a colonel in the army or a captain in the navy. He is not allowed, with certain exceptions, to communicate directly with the Department of State, with his own Embassy or Legation, or with the central government of the country in which he is situated, but must forward his despatches through the consul-general, who can withhold them if he sees fit. Otherwise, however, his functions do not differ from those of his superior officer. He is located in the principal city of his district and his jurisdiction extends over a region corresponding with local geographical divisions. A commercial agent is a consul of lower rank, appointed directly by the President, without bond. There are only twenty-six in the entire Service, stationed generally at places where the work is too great for a consular agency, but not of a nature to require a regular consulate. A consular agency, it might be explained, is a small branch office dependent upon a superior consular establishment of one of the three preceding classes and carried on by a resident of the district who receives no salary but who is allowed to retain half the fees he collects.

The most important differences between consular establishments, in the eyes of those who occupy them, consist in the salaries. These at present range, in the case of consuls-general, from $1,500 to $5,000 a year. The pay of consuls and commercial agents varies from $1,000 to $5,000, those in receipt of the former sum being allowed to engage in business. There is also a class of consuls and commercial agents who receive no salary but who are allowed to engage in private business and to retain all fees. Thus the happy incumbent of Suva, in the Fiji Islands, reported $12.50 as the sum collected by him one year, while the plutocratic commercial agent at Carlsbad took in $5,202.90. In addition to their regular salaries consuls have hitherto been allowed to retain what are called the unofficial fees, and half the income of their dependent agencies. In Paris and London these fees have exceeded $10,000 a year, and in perhaps twenty-five other posts they have amounted from $1,000 to $3,000. But in general they add little to a consul's revenues.

While our government is less liberal in money matters than almost any other it does not compel its foreign agents to depend altogether upon their slim stipends. A consul is allowed twenty per cent. of his salary for office hire, and the State Department pays the contingent expenses—when Congress happens to feel disposed to appropriate the necessary funds. And while contingent expenses are not understood to include service, most consulates are allowed from $300 to $600 a year for clerk hire. The sum varies of course according to the size and importance of the consulate.

We might speak, in this connection, of the subordinate officers of the Consular

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Service. Each establishment has one vice-consular officer and at least one deputy-consular officer, appointed by the Secretary of State on recommendation from the chief of the office. As these positions are not paid they are usually held by the same person, a clerk or a messenger who draws his salary as such. Either or both of them, however, may be held by persons outside of the consulate. The difference between the two is that a vice-consul can act only during his superior's absence. In that case he is entitled to half the consul's pay while on leave, but not in addition to any salary which he may be drawing from the consulate. Such being the pecuniary inducements offered by these posts, they are not greatly sought after. As a matter of fact it is extremely rare to find an American in any subordinate capacity in our consulates.

There is, however, a small class of subordinate officers, thirteen in number, officially designated as Consular Clerks, who are appointed by the President and who are always Americans. This class was originally created with a view to training young men for the Service; but as its members happen to be the only persons in the entire Service who are not removable except for causes they have usually preferred their intermediate position with its safe salary of $1,000 and $1,200 to the uncertainties of a more exalted post. They are employed by the State Department for special details of various kinds, being ordinarily distributed among the more important offices in a vice-consular capacity.

The Interpreters and Marshals of consulates enjoying extra-territorial rights form another limited class of subordinate consular officers, less homogeneous and less permanent than that of the Consular Clerks, to whose special functions we shall have occasion to refer again.

II

Although the Secretary of State administers this great organisation—through the First Assistant Secretary, to whom consular correspondence is addressed, and the Consular Bureau, which disposes of that correspondence—he has little more to do with the superior appointments than to provide candidates with the proper forms of application. The appointing power rests with the President, whose nomination must be confirmed by the Senate. But the President, naturally, can know little or nothing of the vast majority of candidates. He must therefore take advice, and those whose advice should be most trustworthy are the candidate's friends. So, since such of the candidate's friends as happen to be known to the President are likely to be the Congressmen from the candidate's State, it has come about that consular appointments are more than anything else a political matter. In the Register of the Diplomatic and Consular Service the names of officers are accompanied by the names of the States from which they were appointed, and it has always been held proper ground for refusal of a candidate's claims to tell him that there were already more men in the Service than his State was entitled to.

This is the chief peculiarity of the American system. Ours is the only civilised country which avows the theory that the best man for a consulate is the man who has the most influential friends. And the insecurity of a consul's tenure is a direct corollary of this system. For since appointments are personal with the Executive, and since the Executive himself enjoys but a brief period in office, a Pharaoh will frequently arise who knows not Joseph. It happens, however, as is sometimes the case in other departments of life, that our practise does not altogether correspond with our theory. President Cleveland and Secretary Olney were the first to set their faces against indiscriminate appointments and removals, and this policy has been amplified by their successors until we have to-day, thanks to the resolute occupants of the White House and the State Department, something very much like a real Consular Service. Not

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only does it contain men who have served continuously for ten or fifteen years, or even longer, but in accordance with the Executive Order of November 10, 1905, extending the similar order issued by President Cleveland, vacancies in all consulates paying $1,000 or more are filled by transfer, by the appointment of persons who have formerly served under the Department of State, or by persons who have passed a satisfactory examination. As these examinations are not competitive the important thing is to be designated for them by the President—wherein the old system finds its last stronghold. And of course no Executive Order is binding upon succeeding Presidents. But conditions are infinitely better than they were in the palmy days of the Arcadian period.

After a candidate is designated for examination he passes into the jurisdiction of the State Department. There he is examined as to his knowledge of languages, of the country to which he is going, of a consul's particular functions, as well as with regard to his general education; and there, if successful, he receives his instructions. He is also required to take an oath of office and to furnish bond in any amount between $1,000 and $10,000. Although his instructions are rarely very weighty the presentation of them does something for that *esprit de corps* which is so tenuous a factor of our Service. This period is chiefly valuable, however, as permitting a new consul to draw pay for thirty days between taking the oath of office and starting for his post. For it is another peculiarity of our system that a Congress so solicitous with regard to the "constructive recess" and the mileages appertaining thereto makes no direct provision for the travelling expenses of its foreign agents—unless they happen to die at their posts. It merely allows them in addition to their pay during the period of instruction a further allowance for the period of their journey. Under no circumstances may this be drawn in advance, however, and the consul is not permitted to exceed a fixed number of days in reaching his post. As the sum thus received rarely suffices to cover the expenses of one person, it may be imagined to what embarrassment a man with a family is sometimes put.

His first duty upon arrival is to notify the consul-general of that fact—or if he himself happens to be the consul-general, the Embassy or Legation. He must then await his Exequatur, for until his commission has been recognised by the government of the country to which he goes he has no legal status as a consul. If he should happen to be *persona non grata* his Exequatur would be witheld, and he, for proper cause, would be withdrawn. Usually, however, there is no delay about this document, for which the State Department has previously applied through its diplomatic representative in the country in question. When it is transmitted to him, by the consul-general or by the local authorities, he is ready to take possession of his office. His first official act is to draw up with the retiring consul a joint inventory of the furniture of the consulate, and a joint account of whatever fees may be on hand. He must notify the Auditor of the State and other Departments of this fact, in order that he may begin to draw his salary. The inventory he sends to the First Assistant Secretary of State, with a full descriptive report of the office and those employed in it. And after taking over the seal, arms, flag, etc., he must send due notification thereof to his consul-general and to his fellow consuls in the same country.

It should perhaps be added that the retiring consul is not necessarily on hand to assist in these operations. It used often to happen, indeed that an out-going consul had no warning of the appointment of his successor until that gentleman appeared in the flesh brandishing a commission. But such incidents are now happily rare, and the incoming consul is likely to gain his first acquaintance with consular affairs from the subordinate in charge. He is not required to take over either subordinates or quarters from his predecessor—or al-

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lowed, for that matter, to make a long lease. For this reason, and because American consuls are worse paid and less stable than most others, they are usually installed with considerably less dignity than their colleagues in the same town.

III

So much vagueness exists as to the nature of a consul's duties that tediousness would be a virtue if it made an account of them explicit. It is too often supposed by persons who should know better that he is a sort of diplomatic officer and that his chief end in life is to "protect" those of his fellow countrymen, who, in such formidable numbers, are wont to frequent foreign shores. This perhaps arises from the fact that there is a class of consulates to which we have alluded as enjoying extra-territorial rights. These include the majority of consultates in independent African and Asiatic countries—Japan is an exception—and they have certain resemblances to diplomatic establishments. Moreover they exercise judicial functions in addition to their commercial ones, having a part in all trials involving the citizens or the laws of the United States and being intrusted with the custody of Americans arrested by the courts in which they sit. Then a few other consulates happen, for convenience, to combine diplomatic functions with their own. And there is a certain amount of "protection" which a consul can afford to American seamen. He can only "protect" them from an American master, however, and he cannot even give help—officially—to the most deserving American seaman who has shipped under a foreign flag. The most he can do is to take charge of the effects of an American citizen dying in his district. For the rest there is no more reason why Americans should require protection abroad than at home—except under circumstances that would generally make a consul as unwilling as he would be powerless to help them. Any serious intervention between an American citizen and the laws of a civilised country is a matter for diplomacy.

It cannot be strongly enough insisted upon that, with the exceptions we have noted, a consul has no representative function whatsoever. That function belongs to the senior branch of the foreign service. And the separation between the two is so complete that while a consular officer is greatly outranked by a diplomatic officer, he is in no way responsible to the latter. A consul is primarily and essentially a commercial scout. His chief duty is to familiarise himself with commercial conditions in his district, to learn what commercial relations exist or might exist between his district and his own country, and to give publicity to all such information. He is accordingly required to submit at least one annual report covering these facts very fully, with the latest statistics and any other intelligence or suggestions of pertinence. In addition to this long and formal paper, which covers much the same ground every year, he is expected to report on his own initiative any phase of the commercial situation of which prompt knowledge may be valuable to Americans. Then he is frequently called upon by the Department to report on given subjects. As this is not seldom done at the instance of some private interest it can be seen that the State Department maintains a bureau of information of an invaluable kind. These reports are published daily and monthly by the Department of Commerce and Labour and are distributed gratis.

While these are a consul's chief duties, there are others that go to fill up the routine of his office hours. The most important of them is the certification of invoices. Every shipment to the United States of merchandise worth $100 or more must be invoiced in triplicate—or in quadruplicate if sent in bond—on forms provided by the consul and certified by him and by the sender. Since of course he cannot inspect the shipments in person, and since the invoices are often very numerous, this

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means that he has to keep a sharp eye on current prices in order to protest an invoice which he suspects of being undervalued. He may refuse to certify it altogether or he may communicate privately with the Collector of Customs at the port of entry to which the merchandise is bound. Undoubtedly a great deal of undervaluation escapes detection —there is occasion enough for the trick to be tried, with duties at fifty and sixty per cent. *ad valorem*—but consuls nevertheless save considerable money to the country. Mr. Francis B. Loomis, in an article in *The North American Review,* estimated the figure at $2,500,000 a year.

While this work is common to all consulates, seaport consulates have certain additional functions. Services to shipping and seamen were once a consul's most important duty, but with the extinction of our merchant marine there are comparatively few ports where much remains to be done in the way of swearing in and paying off crews, looking after stranded seamen, attending to wrecks, etc. Almost every seaport consulate, however, has more or less occasion to issue original or supplementary bills of health, and landing certificates. Any ship sailing for the United States must obtain from the American consul at the port of departure a bill of health, stating the exact number of persons on board and whether any cases of infectious or contagious disease exists among them. The consul is not expected to verify this declaration. He merely witnesses the master's oath, to whose interest it is to tell the truth.

For these and other official services, such as viséing a passport or issuing a marriage certificate, a consul collects fees of different amounts from one to five dollars. The registry of these according to their several categories involves no little bookkeeping. The money is held until the end of the quarter, when a general account of salaries, expenses, and fees must be promptly sent to Washington. The sum in hand is then applied toward the sum required for disbursement, and the consul draws for or remits the balance, as the case may be. In all the larger consulates he remits. The fees go far toward paying for the Service—chiefly in driblets of $2.50 for certifying invoices. One year, according to Mr. Loomis, consular officers took in over a million dollars, while the government was obliged to spend for their maintenance only $144,152. With these accounts the consul is obliged to submit sworn statements as to the number of days he may have been absent from his post, and with regard to the accuracy of such of his accounts as cannot be accompanied by vouchers. As certain of the accounts and returns go to the State Department, while others go to the Treasury Department, and as all bills have to be reduced to American gold and accompanied by vouchers in duplicate, the quarterly accounts of a consulate are often complicated out of all proportion to the sums involved.

IV

In addition to his strictly official duties a consul has others that occupy perhaps even more of his time. There is for instance a class of services, of a notarial or semi-legal nature, which have hitherto been regarded as so foreign to a consul's regular work that their performance, and the collection of fees for them, has remained optional with him. While he retains these so-called unofficial fees, however, he is obliged to account for them as strictly as for the others. But it is merely a matter of time before the distinction between the two classes of fees will be abolished. The witnessing of signatures and the certification of manifests of emigrants are the more frequent services of this nature.

Then a consul carries on a considerable correspondence, part of which relates to the routine affairs of his office and part of which it would be more difficult to classify. He receives many requests for information of various kinds, which it is incumbent upon him to answer. In case the information relates

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to commerce, however, and it is of an important kind, he replies through the State Department. He is also frequently called upon for information or advice by local merchants and by travellers, commercial and otherwise. It thus lies in his power to do a good deal toward bringing importers and exporters into touch with each other. But while he does what he can toward investigating dishonesties—as often in the one country as in the other—he is expressly prohibited from making himself in any way responsible for any person of any nationality. A class of Americans upon whom this prohibition falls most heavily is that of persons intending matrimony. A consul is not empowered to perform marriage himself. He may only witness it, and issue the proper certificate. When, therefore, in European countries Americans are required to furnish birth certificates and evidence that there is no legal impediment to their marriage, they are often surprised, in the lack of such documents, to learn that a consul cannot help them out even though he may happen to have personal knowledge of the facts.

Work of this kind, while not of a consul's regular routine, belongs more or less directly to it. It naturally tends, however, to become a matter of personal relation. And perhaps even more vagueness exists as to what may be expected of a consul in informal ways than with regard to strictly official affairs. This vagueness is rather fostered than otherwise by Congressmen, who have a habit of commending their travelling constituents to diplomatic and consular officers. The Secretary of State, too, sometimes issues such a letter at the request of an office-holder. But these missives are so numerous that no consul can take them very seriously. Moreover the Consular Regulations expressly limit their use as follows: "An official letter of introduction, when given to a citizen of the United States, is valuable to the holder for prompt identification in case he needs the intervention of a consular officer in his behalf. But in no case must the letter be understood or taken as implying any claim upon the consul for hospitality or personal courtesies beyond the politeness always due to citizens of the United States when they have legitimate business with a consul."

What constitutes legitimate business with a consul seems to admit, especially in the travelling mind, of the widest possible interpretation. Many look upon a social call as such, and make it a point to "pay respects" to their "representative" in each town they visit. Others look upon a consulate as a tourist agency, applying to it for information with regard to local attractions and using it as a depot for mail and baggage. Some even expect a consul to offer them personal entertainment; and murmurs are not infrequently heard against the patriotism of the consular officer who fails to give a public Fourth of July reception or Thanksgiving dinner. While all consular officers would doubtless be happy to do so if they could, the fact that they have no representative function, and that far from receiving any allowance for entertainment their salaries in most cases barely suffice for the most economical personal needs, sternly limits their social relations. These may be confined to the local authorities and to his colleagues of other countries upon whom a consul is expected to call immediately after receiving his Exequatur. The consular corps, which is informally organised with the consul longest resident as dean, has a recognised social standing in any large town and is invited to all functions of a public nature. In this way very pleasant acquaintances are sometimes formed. Then seaboard consulates have a prescribed etiquette for the arrival of American men-of-war, the commanding officer either calling first upon the consul or sending a boat for him, as their relative rank may determine. This is often a great pleasure to a consul in a distant port. He is received with ceremony as well as with cordiality, being entitled to a salute of five, seven, or nine guns, according as he happens to be a commer-

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cial agent, a consul, or a consul general. The traditional freedom of sailors ashore, however, sometimes makes such an occasion—particularly when an entire squadron comes to port—rather to be dreaded. Some of the men are sure to get into trouble, and while the trouble is generally of the milder kinds it devolves upon the consul to be their intermediary, at the most untoward hours, between the local police and the officers of the day.

Although this prevalent vagueness as to a consul's duties is the source of no little annoyance, the incumbent usually recognises that the spirit of the law must be considerably more elastic than the letter. Then of course he is often genuinely glad to meet people from his own country. And if he happen to be interested in human nature he enjoys excellent opportunities for observing some of its manifestations. The private annals of almost any consulate would furnish copy of the most interesting kind. That it does not oftener get into print is evidence of an admirable regard for professional confidence—unless it be that Hawthorne's charming paper in *Our Old Home* is the despair of his successors. No one who did not know the facts would believe what demands are constantly made upon consulates. Relief in time of trouble is only the most frequent of them. No sailor who has shipped on a foreign vessel and has deserted because he didn't like the fare, no wanderer of vague antecedents whose remittance fails to arrive, no weeping lady who has mislaid her pocketbook, can be made to understand why so rich and genial a gentleman as Uncle Sam can refuse to provide transportation to any quarter of the globe or to advance sums of varying size in return for elegantly executed notes of hand. As a matter of fact the desired aid is often forthcoming, but Uncle Sam does not sign the cheque.

A consul is also considered legitimate prey by young persons at home who collect stamps, postcards, souvenir spoons, and other unconsidered trifles whose value they consider it insulting to remit. Others conceive that a consul has nothing to do but match ribbons or discharge similar commissions for a distant well-wisher. Not a few come to him for counsel—that indeed is the way they frequently pronounce his title—in affairs of the heart, or in affairs yet more surprising. The writer happened once to hear of two ladies who presented at one of our Italian consulates a request that they be procured admittance—temporary!—to a neighbouring insane asylum, from which they had been debarred on account of their sex and their unprofessional status. Discreet inquiries as to their motive elicited the fact that their consciences troubled them on account of the wanton delights of the tour they were enjoying, and that they accordingly hoped to turn it to the advantage of mankind by investigating the connection between pellagra and *polenta,* and thus eventually to bring about a concerted action of the Powers which should prohibit the overconsumption in Italy of the delicacy last named! An equally useful inquiry was once presented under somewhat different circumstances to a consul in the same country. Happening to be away on business at a minor city of his district he was urgently telegraphed for to meet a gentleman who demanded to see the consul in person. He accordingly dropped everything in order to keep an appointment for the following day. As much, however, could not be said for the visitor. In fact he kept the consul waiting as much as an hour. Having then, with the circumstances befitting his urgency, been ushered into the consular presence, he proceeded to set forth his business. "I have been informed," he said, "that Cardinal Sarto is to be the next Pope. Will you kindly tell me whether this is true?" Cardinal Sarto, as it happened, did become the next Pope—to the credit of the gentleman's information, if somewhat to the surprise of the world at large. But as this incident took place several years before the death of Leo XIII, and as no one then—not even the

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Vicar of Christ upon earth—happened to be in the confidence of the Most High, the interview was not particularly satisfactory to caller or consul.

V

The medal has, of course, its reverse. A fair account of the Service could not ignore the fact that there are cases in which the occupant of the consulate figures less advantageously than his visitor. It can at least be said, however, that they are less common than in the days when shirt-sleeved gentlemen of the frontier, whose chief qualification for advancing the commerce of their country was expertness in getting votes and expectorating tobacco juice, afforded the most enlivening contrast to their colleagues of more sophisticated climes. One would hardly expect, for instance, to find in a consulate-general of to-day the gentleman who a generation or two ago adorned the cosmopolitan society of Rome. His taste for strong waters being commensurate with his leisure for gratifying the same, the consequences were not always conducive to the expedition of international commerce. When in a convivial mood, indeed, he was rather given to abandoning his official chair; and it became quite a habit of the Papal police to deposit his person, after such an absence, at his own door—taking from his gratified subordinates, with a true Latin appreciation of law and order, a receipt for one American consul-general. Nor is it likely that there will take place again such an incident as once made the incumbent of an insalubrious African post *persona non grata*. This gentleman, being native to a locality where the human form divine is less subject to casual exposure than is likely to be the case in equatorial regions, was much annoyed by the persistence of certain ladies of the country in using the beach in front of his consulate for bathing—particularly as they did not happen to share the northern prejudice in favour of a costume for such rites of lustration. Having failed to arouse their slumbering susceptibilities by such means as might suggest themselves to a gentleman of delicacy, he resorted to those of increasing persuasiveness, until a counsel of desperation at last suggested the expediency of a shotgun. His aim was only too good. For it transpired that the erring dames whom he had so copiously peppered with bird-shot belonged to the household of the local potentate. And far from interrupting their pastimes, he found it necessary to transfer his own energies to lands where they would be more highly appreciated.

The failure of a consul to adapt himself to his surroundings has latterly become of a less picturesque nature, and such unpleasant words as incompetence and dishonesty must nowadays be used in describing the inadequacies of the Service. One reason, for instance, why our South American trade is so far behind that of certain other countries is that our consuls have been inferior in number and in quality to theirs. Then there are various little ways by which consuls occasionally increase their revenues. Although the majority of them are expressly prohibited from engaging in business, they sometimes find it impossible to resist their opportunities. An actually dishonest man, too, may very well find it worth while to wink at the undervaluation of invoices, to profit in the keeping of his accounts by the general lack of inspection, or to allow the government to shoulder contingent expenses that do not properly devolve upon it.

The wonder, however, is that such dishonesties are not more, rather than less, frequent. The system under which they occur is alone sufficient to produce them. The method of a consul's appointment, his insecurity of tenure, the meagreness of his salary, the humiliation to which he is so often put before his colleagues of other countries, are little calculated to attract the most desirable class of candidates or to fortify either their pride in the service or their sense of responsibility thereto. And if this

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be true of the principals how much more is it true of their wretchedly paid subordinates, who being generally natives of the country can scarcely be expected to have American interests very deeply at heart. While this may not seem of much importance, it must be remembered that consuls are nominally entitled to an annual leave of two months, which, in case they visit the United States, is increased by the time required for the journey. Thus important consulates are periodically left for several months in the hands of young foreign clerks. Or disadvantages of a more serious kind are suggested by a case which comes to the writer's mind—of our former vice-consul at a by no means obscure European port, who was not only a German but the consul of his own country as well. As that country happens to be one of our most powerful commercial rivals it may be imagined that American commerce with the district in question did not receive its strongest impetus when this gentleman had charge of our affairs.

Of course the system has yet to be devised which will keep knaves and fools out of public places. And the besetting danger of highly organised systems is from strangulation by red tape. For which reason the present régime is in many ways a highly effective one. Under such men as Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root the Service combines the better elements of the merit and party systems. But we have as yet nothing in law to assure their policy any permanence. A chance personal equation is all that saves our system from its face value as one which gives a bad consul an equal chance with a good consul and which dismisses the latter as promptly as the former. And the salaries we pay are preposterously inadequate to the kind and quality of work we require.

It would naturally be too much to expect a complete or immediate *volte-face*. Our vice-consuls, for instance, will probably wait some time before they fare like their English colleagues, who receive $1,750 a year, with annual increments of $75 up to $2,250, and are eventually promoted to consulates of their own. And there are questions of principle involved in certain details of the continental systems, such as the pensioning of retired officers, which we have yet to settle. But such improvements as are most pressing have been embodied in Senator Lodge's bill for the reorganisation of the Consular Service, now before Congress (March). This bill provides for the classification of the Service, for a small but general increase of salaries, for the suppression of unofficial fees for frequent and regular inspection, and for a system of appointment by examination and promotion. The first of these features is probably the only one that will require any explanation. Under its provisions a candidate would be appointed not to a particular post of his choosing, as is now the case, but to a class of posts drawing the same salary. In this way the Department would be free to employ its men to the best advantage. If such a system had been in force ten or fifteen years ago we might now have a different story to tell with regard to our South American trade.

The experience of this bill in Congress discloses what obstacles lie in the way of any change. Its most important provision—that for taking the Service out of politics—met with short shrift at the hands of our Conscript Fathers. They would naturally be loth to give up any of their prerogatives, and the prerogative so long established as the one of supplying men for the foreign service happens to be the one which most invests them with outward and visible power in the eyes of their constituents. If this touch of nature give one to suspect, however, that the authors and protectors of our liberties are not so completely wrapped up in the loftier problems of statecraft as might conceivably be the case, one must nevertheless acknowledge that the greater enemies of the Consular Service are the aforementioned constituents. For what they insist upon Congress has to accord. And

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they do not, as yet, insist upon a competent Consular Service. They do not realise what that Service is or might become. Many of them look vaguely upon it as a curious institution whose origin is veiled in obscurity, but which, since it unaccountably exists, may be exploited for the most fantastic ends. Even the business men for whom primarily this great organisation is maintained are extraordinarily slow to take in its possibilities. They are often the last to see that there are sound practical reasons why all other civilised countries, and several which we are pleased not to consider as such, train men to become scouts of commerce, pay them on the same scale as their higher public servants, retain their services as long as possible, and pension them upon retirement. So it is that our Consular Service is one of the last survivals of our Arcadian period. We have become a great nation without knowing it. We are like those who carry the customs of the village into the life of the town. We have a first-rate country, but our imaginations are still fifth-rate.

GLIMPSE OF A CHILDHOOD

BY RAINER MARIA RILKE

THE darkness in the room is pregnant, seeming
To fold about the boy who hides himself;
And when his mother enters, as if dreaming,
A glass is trembling on the quiet shelf.
She feels that now her entrance is betrayed,
And kisses her small boy: "Oh, you are there!" . . .
They glance at the piano where she played
On many evenings the beloved air
That strangely on the child its magic laid.

He sits quite still. With wondering eyes he sees
Her hand, weighed down beneath the ring, and slow,
As if it walked against a gale through snow,
Move on the snow-white keys.

SURPRISE IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IN recent years, our native playwrights have devoted a great deal of attention to technical experiment. It might be argued that they would have fared better if they had thought more about life and less about the theatre; but, though they have discovered comparatively little to say, they have at least devised many means of saying things ingeniously. This is, perhaps, the necessary mark of a drama that is still so young as ours. Youth cares more for cleverness than it cares for the more sedentary quality of insight. When Mr. George M. Cohan is ninety years of age—and our theatre has grown hoary in the interval—he will have more to tell us about life, but he will no longer make a pattern so astonishingly dexterous as that of *Seven Keys to Baldpate*.

Mr. Reizenstein's *On Trial* is typical of the current aspect of our growing drama. In subject-matter, it is "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable"; for it tells

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us nothing about life that has not been told—and often told more wisely—in innumerable antecedent melodramas. But in method, it is novel and exceedingly ingenious. By choosing to break his story down instead of building it up, by exhibiting his narrative in a pattern of reverted time, the author has established a technical achievement which not only has resulted in the success of this single play but also has made possible the composition of many other plays in accordance with this hitherto unprecedented pattern.

Not all of the adventurous experiments of our American playwrights have been so signally successful; but all of them are worthy of theoretical consideration. In the present article, it may be profitable to examine the concerted assault which has recently been made against the time-honoured tradition of the theatre that a dramatist must never keep a secret from his audience.

Concerning this tradition, Mr. William Archer said in 1912, "So far as I can see, the strongest reason against keeping a secret is that, try as you may, you cannot do it. . . . From only one audience can a secret be really hidden, a considerable percentage of any subsequent audience being certain to know all about it in advance. The more striking and successful is the first-night effect of surprise, the more certainly and rapidly will the report of it circulate through all strata of the theatrical public." This statement, which seems sound enough in theory, has failed to prove itself in practice; and the fact of the matter seems to be that the "theatrical public" is far less cohesive than Mr. Archer has assumed. News does not travel, either rapidly or readily, through all its very different strata. This fact was indicated by the career of Mr. Roi Cooper Magrue's surprise-play, *Under Cover*. Although the piece had previously run a year in Boston, the vast majority of those who saw it on the first night in New York were completely taken in by the dramatist's deception; and, even after the play had run for many months in the metropolis, and had been analysed repeatedly in the press, it was still observable that the majority of those who came to see it were still ignorant of the precise nature of the trick that was to be played upon them. They came to the theatre with a vague notion that the plot would be surprising, but they did not know the story in advance.

Mr. Max Marcin, the author of the latest surprise-play, *Cheating Cheaters*, complained, after the first night, that it was unfair for the newspapers to print summaries of his plot, thereby revealing in advance to future audiences the nature of the trap the dramatist had set for them. This protest, perhaps, was justified in theory; but, in fact, the author had no reason for complaint. Even that minority of the theatre-going public who habitually read the first-night notices in the newspapers do not long recall specifically what is said in them. All that they carry away from the reading is a vague impression that the play was praised or damned: it is only the few people who do not pay for tickets to the theatre who read these notices more deeply and remember the details.

The reports of current plays that circulate by word of mouth among the ticket-buying public are nearly always very vague. A man will tell his friends that a certain piece is "a good show"; but, rarely if ever, would he be able to pass on in conversation a coherent statement of the plot. Though *Cheating Cheaters* has now been playing to large audiences for a couple of months, the big surprise of the plot remains a mystery to three-fourths of all the people who attend it. Those of us who go professionally to the theatre do not always realise how little the general public knows in advance about current plays with which we ourselves are thoroughly familiar.

Despite, then, what Mr. Archer said in 1912, it has been subsequently proved by several experiments that it is entirely possible to keep a secret in the theatre. But the question still remains whether it is worth while to do so. The success of a surprise-play proves nothing; for

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it does not prove that the same play would not have been equally successful if the surprise had been eliminated from the plot.

Consider *Under Cover,* for example. The hero was introduced to the audience as a smuggler, engaged in the perilous enterprise of sneaking a valuable necklace through the customs. For two acts he was pursued by customs-house officials; and, when ultimately captured, he bought them off with a bribe. Then, in the last moments of the play, the dramatist revealed the hidden fact that the hero was not a smuggler after all, but an official of the United States secret service engaged in tracking down corruption in the customs-house.

It cannot be denied that the suspense of the melodrama was increased by the retention of this secret till the final moment; but, on the other hand, several other elements of interest were sacrificed. For instance, the love-story was imperilled by the fact that the audience had to watch the heroine fall in love with a man who, by every evidence, appeared to be a criminal. Furthermore, the author had to tell lies to his audience in those passages in which the hero was left alone on the stage with his confederate; and telling lies, even in a melodrama, is a hazardous proceeding. The play was a great success; but what evidence is there to prove that it might not have been equally successful if the author had taken the audience into his confidence from the start and permitted the public to watch, from the standpoint of superior knowledge, the corrupt customs-house officials walking ignorantly into the trap which had been set for them? I do not state that this is so; but I do state that the only way to prove that it is not so would be to build the plot the other way and try it on the public.

Of course the strongest argument against keeping a secret from the audience is that this procedure, in the admirable phrase of Mr. Archer, "deprives the audience of that superior knowledge in which lies the irony of drama." The audience likes to know more about the people in a play than they know about themselves; for this superior knowledge places the spectators in the comfortable attitude of gods upon Olympus, looking down upon the destinies of man. It is not nearly so amusing to be fooled as it is to watch other people being fooled; and this would seem to be a fundamental fact of psychology. Against this fundamental fact, the success of a dozen or a hundred surprise-plays can scarcely be regarded as weighing down the balance. The audience, for instance, would feel much more sympathetic toward the heroine in *Under Cover* if, all the while that she was falling in love with a person who appeared to be a criminal, the audience knew that he was really an honest man.

But another argument against keeping a secret from the audience is that, in order to do so, it is nearly always necessary to tell deliberate lies to lead the audience astray. There is an instance of this in a very interesting recent play by Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman, entitled *The Man Who Came Back.* This play leads us around the world and back again, following the fortunes of a prodigal son who has been cast adrift by his father. On the way, we meet another person drifting without anchor,—a certain Captain Trevelan. This British idler marries a girl whom he has run across in a cabaret in San Francisco; and, encountering the couple later on in Honolulu, we are shown at considerable length that their marriage has turned out unhappily. In the last act, we are told suddenly that Trevelan is not a British captain at all, but merely a New York detective who has been employed by the hero's father to travel round the world and keep watch upon the movements of his prodigal son. This statement comes, indeed, as a surprise; but nothing is ever said to explain away the wife that Trevelan has left behind in Honolulu. Was she also a detective, or did Trevelan really marry and desert her, for the purpose of preventing the audience from guessing his identity?

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The play as a whole is not imperilled by this jugglery, since the mysterious detective is merely an incidental figure in the plot; but we feel that the author has severely compromised himself for the sake of a single effect of sharp surprise in the course of his concluding act.

Another important point to be considered is that, when the appeal of a play is dependent mainly on surprise, the author is impeded from drawing characters consistently. It is impossible to draw the sort of person that the hero really is, and at the same time to persuade the audience, until the final revelation of the secret, that the hero is another sort of person altogether. Deception of this kind can, therefore, never be accomplished in a play that is sufficiently serious in subject-matter to demand reality in characterisation. The pattern of surprise is available only for farces and for melodramas, in which the incidents are all that count and the characters are secondary. To deceive the audience successfully in high comedy or in tragedy would require a falsification that would consign the play to ruin. The public consciously will swallow lies only in regard to stories that do not seriously matter.

All these points are illustrated clearly by Mr. Max Marcin's *Cheating Cheaters*. It should be said at once that this piece is an exceedingly diverting farce, and that its great success has been achieved entirely by its deft manipulation of the pattern of surprise. Yet—inconsistent as this statement, considered superficially, might seem—the piece must also be considered as a sign-post to warn other authors against following in Mr. Marcin's footsteps.

At the outset of this interesting technical experiment, we are introduced to a gang of criminals who have rented the home of one George Brockton and are masquerading as the wealthy Brockton family. Here is an initial secret, concerning which the author immediately takes the audience into his confidence. The supposed Brocktons are trying to become socially acquainted with the wealthy Palmer family, who live five miles away, in order ultimately to gain easy access to the Palmer house and steal the Palmer jewels. In the first act, the Palmers come to call; and, after a pleasant passage over the tea-table, they invite the supposed Nell Brockton—the leader of the crooks—to visit them.

The second act is set in the home of the Palmers. Nell is now an inmate of their household, and she has successfully introduced a couple of her fellow-conspirators to the premises. She ferrets out from the unsuspecting Palmers the combination of the safe in which they keep their jewels; and her plan of robbery seems almost certain to succeed. Then she and her confederates leave the stage, to dress for dinner; and the audience is left alone with the four members of the Palmer family. At once the manner of the Palmers changes; and the audience discovers, with a gasp of surprise that is clearly audible throughout the theatre, that these apparent Palmers are not Palmers after all, but only another gang of crooks engaged in a parallel endeavour to become socially acqainted with the Brockton family in order to steal the Brockton jewels.

This big moment of surprise is attained by means that are legitimate; for Mr. Marcin has not been forced to tell lies in order to retain his secret until the revelation comes. But the subsequent conduct of the plot leads the author into deeper waters of deception. For a time, possessed of "that superior knowledge in which," according to Mr. Archer, "lies the irony of drama," we watch the two gangs of cheaters endeavouring, at cross purposes, to cheat each other, until, in a climatic moment of mutual discovery, they decide to pool their destinies and to combine their talents in a sort of trust. In union they expect to find a strength that will stand against all counter-plots of organised society; but, in the very moment of this undertaking, a small army of detectives bursts in upon them and arrests them all at the points of many pistols.

In the last act, the members of both

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the gangs of criminals are led to the office of the National Detective Agency. The head of this agency is a mysterious person named Ferris, whose name has frequently been mentioned in the earlier acts. It has been repeatedly impressed upon the audience that all the crooks are terribly afraid of Ferris, but that none of them has ever seen this clever and eluisve criminologist. Now, at last, the revelation comes that Ferris is no other than the clever girl who has been masquerading all along as the criminal who has been masquerading as Nell Brockton.

This final revelation of a secret sedulously kept achieves also a flutter of surprise; but, in this case, it may be stated confidently that the game was hardly worth the candle, since the keeping of this secret prevented Mr. Marcin from drawing his central character consistently. As a matter of fact, he has given his heroine no character at all; for how would it be possible to depict truthfully the character of a detective who pretends to be a crook who pretends to be a wealthy scion of society?

Even more futile is Mr. Marcin's attempt to assign a consistent character to the crook who is masquerading as Tom Palmer. The author has endeavoured to develop a love-story between this man and the detective-heroine who hunts him down and finally forgives him; but no love-story can enlist the serious sympathy of the audience unless the audience knows the characters sufficiently to be able to determine whether or not it would be a good thing for the characters to get married.

Even so excellent an actor as Mr. Cyril Keightley seems at a loss to know how to act the part of Tom Palmer. The reason is that the author has not clearly drawn the sort of person that Tom Palmer is presumed to be; since any positive characterisation of the part would interfere with that deception of the audience on which the pattern of the play is founded.

The task imposed upon Miss Marjorie Rambeau, who acts the part of the heroine, is no less difficult; for, even when she is left alone upon the stage with her immediate confederates in this or that of the many involutions of the plot, she is required to pretend that she is not at all the sort of person that, in the final moments of the play, she is destined to become. The trouble with this sort of pattern is that it forces not only the author, but the actors also, to falsify the truth in order to deceive the audience; and this falsification, whatever its success, is contrary to the interests of art, whose purpose always was, and is, to hold, as't were, the mirror up to nature.

To sum the matter up, the sort of surprise which must be regarded absolutely as unacceptable in any play is the sort which depends for its success upon a clear negation of what has gone before. Nothing can be gained by the procedure of telling the public one thing for two hours and a half and then telling the public in two minutes that it has merely been deceived. Such jugglery is easy to encompass, and is sometimes entertaining in effect; but it leads away from that interpretation of the underlying truth of life which is the end of art.

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THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

It is one of bloody, bedraggled Mexico's many misfortunes that so few of those who have written about her have made the least effort or have been in the least interested to get below the surface and study the heart and soul of that which makes a nation, its people. An appalling array of books has come forth and is constantly receiving additions that babble much about the land whose banner bears what some people consider the balefully significant device of an eagle and a serpent. They tell with enthusiasm of the beauty and picturesqueness of the mountains and valleys and the spectacular quaintness of the life—as seen from a car window—or they prose unendingly about the material facts of the country, its history, and its life, or they greedily dilate upon its wonderful riches. But few of them give a thought to the patient, pitiable, exploited millions of Mexico who for decade after decade and century after century have been, in the modern slang but most applicable term, "the goat" of whatever happens in Mexico, or seek to discover why, with all their overwhelming poverty and ignorance, they so frequently rise in revolution. And those who do turn their attention to these things too often are so hasty and superficial in their survey that their work merits little notice.

*Tramping Through Mexico, Gautemala and Honduras. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company.

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Benighted Mexico. By Randolph Wellford Smith. New York: John Lane Company.

Plain Facts About Mexico. By George J. Hagar. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Our First War in Mexico. By Farnham Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It speaks ill for American writers that, with Mexico looming big before the eyes of every citizen of the country for the last four years, so little of more than temporary value and superficial interest about that country has come from their pens. The collection of recent books reviewed below, although it contains two contributions to this subject of considerable consequence, show how meagre is the fare given to us by writers upon Mexico. And yet surely the opportunity is rich for a big, thoughtful work upon that country that would paint her, her history, her people and her sufferings with a brush graphic and true and searching, whose author would not write with both eyes fixed on the possibilities for loot offered to foreign capital and whose heart would be capable of sympathetic understanding of her exploited millions. It would be a thrilling, saddening, horrifying, inspiring book and some American ought to write it in expiation of the sin of the contemptuous attitude of his fellow-Americans toward their Mexican neighbours.

"TRAMPING THROUGH MEXICO"

It is a great pity that Mr. Franck cannot, amœba fashion, make twins of himself and so double the number of his always delightful and informing books about phases of life in other countries that are a sealed volume to most travellers. His method of going on foot and fraternising with all he meets along the way, working a week or so now and then and making friends of his fellow-toilers, studying the country and its people at intimate first hand, gives him a knowledge of the very heart of its heart to be gained in no other way. And he has a most happy and fortunate faculty of enabling his readers to see whatever he sees with his own clear and honest and

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unprejudiced vision. He does not go on his vagabond journeys for the purpose of proving a theory or gathering arguments to bolster up anybody's case. He goes to see the country and its people in their daily life and habit and he describes them just as they are without the slightest reference to the effect of his narrative upon any reader's beliefs. If you do not want the absolute truth about a country, as nearly as it can be seen by an honest man and told by a sincere writer, Harry Franck's books will be caviare to your taste.

This new volume records the incidents and observations of a journey he made, largely on foot but partly by train, southward through Mexico in the autumn of 1911. Therefore it was shortly after the end of the long rule of Porfirio Diaz, and the reader must bear in mind that what the author saw was the result of what most Americans believe to have been his strong and beneficent administration of Mexico's affairs. Those who say, as nearly all Americans do say, parrot fashion, that Mexico needs the Diaz kind of a ruler are bound, if they read this book with honest thought, to revise either that opinion or their American ideas of the basic rights of humanity. Mr. Franck himself does no philosophising or drawing of inferences. He leaves all that to his readers. He is concerned only with making mental photographs of what he sees and transmitting them, clear and true, to his readers.

Mr. Franck went south from Nuevo Laredo, tramped about, worked for a time in mines in the Guanajuato region, slept in the huts of peons by the roadside, made friends with fellow-travellers in village inns, talked with men, women and children as they journeyed together along highway or trail, fraternised with any and all of friendly disposition in the day coaches, wherein he sometimes travelled by rail. And the sum total of the impressions he gives the reader is that of a land of wonderful richness, still undeveloped, whose resources ought to support a large population in plenty and content, but nearly all of whose people are sunk so deeply in poverty, ignorance and squalour so appalling that one shudders even to read of it. It would be good for the soul of any American who thinks this country ought to send an army of intervention and conquest into Mexico to read Mr. Franck's description of the market in San Luis Potosi—"Such a surging of pauperous humanity, dirt and uncomplaining misery," he says, "I had never before seen in the Western Hemisphere,"—and then ask himself soberly, "Do we want to fight that?"

Mr. Franck visited a school here and there, and his account of what he saw and heard in the school-rooms is a grotesque travesty upon any modern system of education. And almost everywhere he found a depth of poverty well nigh beyond the conception of any American. But the book is not all so sombre as that might imply. There are many charming bits descriptive of interesting adventures and fraternisings along the road and many of the people whom he meets are delightful in their simplicity and sweetness of nature. Moreover, Mr. Franck tells his stories well, with a sense of genial humour that rarely fails him even when his experiences are highly unpleasant, an eye for the picturesque and a human sympathy that vitalises his every page. His book is a contribution of the greatest value to the very slender list of works that make any attempt to get below the obvious in Mexican affairs and conditions and to write the truth about them. It is copiously illustrated from photographs by the author and has a map of his itinerary.

"A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE IN MEXICO"

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's book consists of letters written to her mother while her husband was American Chargé at Mexico City during the dramatic period from October 8, 1913, to April 23, 1914, with an account of the occupation of Vera Cruz, where they remained for the following week. They are intimate, chatty missives, wherein information and

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observation concerning the progress of affairs of state are sandwiched in between accounts of her own daily doings, personal impressions of people, and diplomatic gossip. It is very much as if one stood in the American Embassy and watched and talked with the representatives of other nations, and the prominent men of Mexico, saw the progress of affairs and the constant coming and going of all manner of men, and shared with the author the social functions and details of her daily life. She is always keenly interested in the people she meets and in the relations between the two countries, and her sympathy with the people of distracted Mexico is ready and warm. But, after all, it is evident that she really knows very little about Mexico outside of the diplomatic circle in its capital city and such portions of its life as can be seen by a foreigner from a car window. Her book is of value only in the intimate view it gives of the progress of diplomatic negotiations between the two countries at what every one thought then was a crucial time, but whose importance has diminished the farther it recedes into the past and also because of the close and sometimes acute characterisation of some of the men who were then prominent in Mexican affairs among both the Mexicans themselves and the foreign diplomats. She saw much of Huerta, and apparently liked and admired him, believed in him and was sure that if he had been recognised by the United States he would have proved the saviour of Mexico. She does not think that he was responsible for the murder of Madero. She thinks also that the United States should have intervened in Mexico to the point of full-fledged war. There is much about John Lind, of whom and whose mission to Mexico she, quite naturally, disapproves, although she evidently endeavoured to keep out of her correspondence all personal feeling. But she nowhere reveals appreciation or understanding of the big problems and the appalling needs of Mexico, nor sympathetic realisation of Mexican national character. The point of view is the narrow one of the diplomatic circle and, while her book will have its uses in the colour, life and vivacity with which it backgrounds the progress of national and diplomatic affairs in Mexico at a poignant period of its history, those who want information about the country, its people and its problems will have to seek for them elsewhere.

"BENIGHTED MEXICO"

The publishers of Mr. Smith's book announce on the paper jacket that his viewpoint is "absolutely impartial." If they consider his mind an exemplar of cool, judicial quality, one wonders what degree of sizzling mental temperature they would recognise as indicating ardent and tempestuous feeling. His work is merely another instance of those many fountains of red-hot ink that serve to distort and conceal the sources of Mexico's long standing troubles. It is very soon evident in Mr. Smith's pages that he knows little or nothing about the Mexican people and that his interests and sympathies, his only intellectual conceptions, discern no need in Mexico of anything but a tyrannous rule that would exploit Mexico's wealth for the benefit of a few and keep its poverty-stricken millions ground down with so firm a hand that they would have neither the strength nor the spirit nor the opportunity to complain. He is wildly and hotly indignant that this government did not recognise Huerta, because he thinks Huerta would have been just that kind of a ruler.

With the exception of now and then a brief excursion into the history of the country, Mr. Smith's book is concerned almost entirely with the personalities and incidents of the last six years connected with the revolutionary disturbances. Particular attention is devoted to those of recent date, since President Wilson has been in the White House, which have tended to embroil this country. The irresponsibility of the workings of his mind and his inability to see things

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straight in their true aspect—to describe it by no severer term—are shown by the picture he draws of what the United States ought to have done and what would have happened in consequence after the Parral incident. "There would have been no war—it would have been a lovely little picnic," he declares. "There would have been a call for half a million volunteers over night and within a fortnight or less they would have been, half of them, promenading up and down . . . in that most picturesque of capitals." It is difficult to consider seriously a book written by any one who is capable of making such baldly childish and frivolous statements.

To say that Mr. Smith's opinion of General Carranza is virulent is expressing it very mildly indeed. "Coxcomb," "insolent brigand," "bargain-counter despot and brute," are only a few of the epithets he hurls at the figure of the "First Chief." General Carranza may be all that Mr. Smith calls him, but such a white heat of invective incessantly kept up does not inspire, in the judicially minded reader, entire confidence in the disinterestedness of the writer. Of more consequence, however, is Mr. Smith's constant insistence upon what he alleges to be General Carranza's intriguing with Germany. Through many pages he discourses upon the money he asserts Carranza is drawing from German sources and the aid he is receiving from them. But he forgets to mention that General Huerta, proved to be acting in the interests of Germany, was caught by the United States with German money in his pockets on his way to overthrow that same Carranza.

There is an interesting paper by E. N. Iturbide, filling several chapters, that narrates his own experiences as Governor of the Federal District during and after Huerta's presidency that is worth while. And there are some figures concerning Mexican financial affairs and some long narratives dealing with the excesses of the Constitutionalist troops. But Mr. Smith's manner of writing, a combination of sneer, invective, reckless statement and boiling indignation, does not inspire confidence in his trustworthiness. His book does not illumine the Mexican situation.

"PLAIN FACTS ABOUT MEXICO"

If one has read many books dealing with Mexico it is with a marked feeling of restfulness that one takes up such a solid bit of materialism and actuality as this unpretentious little handbook of facts which Mr. Hagar has put together. So much reckless statement overlying concealed and sinister interests, so much theorising and romancing on imaginary bases have been put into print and masqueraded as the truth about Mexico that it is reassuring to find anything about that distracted country in book form which is manifestly true. Mr. Hagar's little book of less than a hundred pages is as simple and straightforward as the multiplication table. It deals with the conformation of the country, the racial qualities of its population, its resources of all kinds, its industries, commerce and finance, its public service methods, its form of government and its foreign investments. About each subject only the barest information is given, set forth in simple terms. Another chapter names and describes briefly all of the constituent states. One section is devoted to the wonderful oil field of Mexico, with a map of the oil zone. Mr. Smith, in his book reviewed above, declares that American investments in Mexico total "fully two billions of dollars." In a chapter on "American Investments" Mr. Hagar goes into the matter with some detail, giving two classified statements. One of these, for which he does not give his authority, totals these investments at $450,000,000. The other statement, compiled by Marion Letcher, United States Consul at Chihuaha, sets the combined amount at $1,057,770,000. The discrepancy between these two is partly accounted for, Mr. Hagar points out, by the fact that Consul Letcher in his compilation used the par value instead of the market value of securities.

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Reckless imagination appears to be the only basis for Mr. Smith's figures.

"OUR FIRST WAR IN MEXICO"

Whoever wants to understand the Mexico of the present must know something about the Mexico of the past, and particularly about the relations between that country and our own. And Mr. Bishop's very readable and impartial account of one section of the long story of difficulties between the two nations deserves the attention of those who care to have some real knowledge and do some thinking of their own before they form opinions. The spirit of Mr. Bishop's book is admirable, for he has tried to look upon the passions and deeds of that long ago time with a judicial mind, to tell what led up to the war with fairness to both sides and to make Americans of the present time realise how the invasion of their country seemed to the Mexicans of those days. The author explains in a brief preface that it was his expectation two years ago of another war with Mexico that revived his interest in the war of 1846-48 and led him to make a study of that period. As he very well says, most of the American histories of that war have either "painted everything red, white and blue and chanted songs of glory" or "painted everything coal black and passed by on the other side." As his model in method and spirit he took Mr. George L. Rives's work on "The Relations Between the United States and Mexico, 1821-1848," which, if it isn't already so considered, ought to be and some time will be recognised as a classic coutribution to American history. In the same spirit of scientific, open-minded investigation he has endeavoured to present an impartial account of a period that meant much for our subsequent development and undoubtedly left suspicion of us and our sentiments toward them in the breasts of succeeding generations to the south of the Rio Grande. Those who do not care for the detail of Mr. Rives's two-volume work will find in Mr. Bishop's two-hundred-page book an excellent, unprejudiced and unvarnished account that aims not only to narrate the facts as they were but also to interpret them, when they seem puzzling, to make understandable the psychology of the Mexican people and to reveal causes and results. Without making any parade about it and often leaving inferences to be drawn by the reader's intelligence, the author's brief account of the preceding history of Mexico, and especially of the governmental developments following its war of independence, throws much light on the Mexico of to-day.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

Movement and Mental Imagery. Outlines of a Motor Theory of the Complexer Mental Processes. By Margaret Floy Washburn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75 net.

In the *Vassar Semi-Centennial Series*, published in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the college. An attempt to work out to some of its conclusions the hypothesis that all memory may be motor memory, and the "association of ideas" the association of movements.

The War

Adventures of a Despatch Rider. By Captain W. H. L. Watson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. With maps. $1.25 net.

Captain Watson of the British Army served as a despatch rider in the retreat through northern France, at the battle of Mons and in the pursuit that led to the Aisne, and his book tells of his experiences during that part of the great conflict.

The Church in the Fighting Line. With

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General Smith-Dorrien at the Front. Being the Experiences of a Chaplain in Charge of an Infantry Brigade. By *Douglas P. Winnifrith*, with a Foreword by the Lord Bishop of London. New York: George H. Doran & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

An account of the achievemenst of the Royal Army Medical Corps during the early part of the war.

The Great Push: An Episode of the Great War. By Patrick MacGill. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

An account of the battle of Loos and the author's experiences in it.

Religion in Europe and the World Crisis. By Charles Edward Osborne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.50 net.

Deals primarily with the religious issues of the war—with the religious life of England, Russia, and Germany, and with the future of Catholicism, Protestantism, and Orthodoxy.

Waitful Watching or Uncle Sam and the Fight in Dame Europa's School. By James L. Ford. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. 60 cents net.

A satire on the war and the part of the United States in it.

War the Creator. By Gelett Burgess. New York: B. W. Huebsch. Illustrated. 60 cents net.

The story of a French youth's experiences in the Battle of the Marne.

With Serbia Into Exile. An American's Adventures with the Army That Cannot Die. By Fortier Jones. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.60 net.

An intimate account of the retreat of the Serbian army from the Danube to the Adriatic. The author was a member of one of the relief expeditions.

Education

America and the Orient. Outlines of a Constructive Policy. By Sidney L. Gulick. New York: Missionary Education Movement. 25 cents net.

A discussion of the problems in the relations of East and West, and a suggested outline for the control of those relations.

Ancient Times: A History of the Early World. An Introduction to the Study of Ancient History and the Career of Early Man. By James Henry Breasted. Boston: Ginn & Company.

A text-book adapted for use in high schools.

Arms and the Boy. Military Training in Schools and Colleges; Its Value in Peace and Its Importance in War. With Many Practical Suggestions for the Course of Training and With Brief Descriptions of the Most Sucessful Systems Now in Operation. By L. R. Gignilliat. With an Introduction by Newton D. Baker. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

An Essay on Metaphor in Poetry. With an Appendix on the Use of Metaphor in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. By J. G. Jennings. New York: Charles E. Merrill Company. $1.00.

Discusses the use of metaphor in the work of Virgil, Dante, Euripides, Coleridge, Pater, Shelley, Arnold, Keats and others.

Talks on Business Correspondence. By William Cushing Bamburgh. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00 net.

A text-book of business correspondence written from practical experience by the advertising manager of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Applied Science, Engineering

Model Aeroplanes and Their Motors. A Practical Book for Beginners. By George A. Cavanagh. With Drawings of Harry G. Schultz, and An Introduction by Henry Woodhouse. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A study of the fundamentals of heavier-than-air machines and their construction. The work contains a chapter on "The History of Model Aviation" and a dictionary of aeronautical terms.

Medicine, Hygiene

Abnormal Children. (Nervous, Mischievous, Precocious, and Backward.) A Book for Parents, Teachers and Medical Officers of Schools. By Bernard Hollander. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.25 net.

The work deals with "the nervous de-

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fects of children, and the various forms and degrees of mental and moral deficiency that may occur from infancy up to the age of twenty-one."

Nervous Disorders of Women. The Modern Psychological Conception of Their Causes, Effects, and Rational Treatment. By Bernard Hollander. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.25 net.

Nervous Disorders of Men. The Modern Psychological Conception of Their Causes, Effects, and Rational Treatment. By Bernard Hollander. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.25 net.

Companion volumes dealing with the numerous nervous illnesses of women and of men.

The Treatment of Infantile Paralysis. By Robert W. Lovett. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Company.

In the preface the author explains that his aim is "to present a practical, plain and perhaps rather elementary statement of the various therapeutic measures" which he believed to be soundest and best in the treatment of the disease.

General Literature, Essays

Elisabethan Translations from the Italian. By Mary Augusta Scott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75 net.

In the *Vassar Semi-Centennial Series,* published in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the college.

The Free Man and The Soldier: Essays on the Reconciliation of Liberty and Discipline. By Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.40 net.

Essays revealing the abstract principles underlying such questions as those of preparedness, the righteousness of war, the duties implied by patriotism, etc.

From Nature Forward. By Harriet Doan Prentiss. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00 net.

Essays and verses designed to inspire to "a return to buoyant physical health, release of mental tension, and enlarged and happy outlook on life."

Shakespeare and Precious Stones. Treating of the Known References of Precious Stones in Shakespeare's Works, with Comments as to the Origin of His Material, the Knowledge of the Poet Concerning Precious Stones, and References as to Where the Precious Stones of His Time Came From. By George Frederick Kunz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Poetry and Drama

Ballads and Lyrics. By Eldredge Denison. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.25 net.

A collection of verses on a variety of subjects.

Duty and Other Irish Comedies. By Seumas O'Brien. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

Five one-act comedies. The titles are: "Duty," "Jurisprudence," "Magnanimity," "Matchmakers," and "Retribution."

The Fruit of Toil and Other One-Act Plays. By Lillian P. Wilson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 75 cents net.

One-act plays on modern themes. The titles are: "The Fruit of Toil," "An Episode," "Being the Fly," "A Voice on the Stair," "The Empty Shrine," "The Weight of Wings," "This is Law," "Living."

Heart Songs and Home Songs. By Dennis A. McCarthy. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00 net.

A collection of the author's later verses, most of which have appeared in various magazines.

The House on the Hill and Other Poems. By Frederick A. Wright. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.

A collection of lyrics.

Layla-Majnu: A Musical Play in Three Acts. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company.

A play reflecting the life and atmosphere of India.

Life and Living. A Book of Verse by Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.

Miscellaneous verses, many of them being reprinted from various magazines.

The Locust Flower and The Celibate. Two Plays by Pauline Brooks Quinton. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.

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A fantasy in one act and a drama in three acts, designed for reading rather than acting.

Lundy's Lane and Other Poems. By Duncan Campbell Scott. New York: George H. Doran Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

Narrative and descriptive poems distinctive of northern North America.

Representative English Plays from the Middle Ages to the End of the Nineteenth Century. Edited with Introductions and Notes by John S. P. Tatlock and Robert G. Martin. $2.50 net.

A one-volume collection of dramas including representative plays of the Middle Ages, the Elisabethan and Restoration periods, and the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. The work aims to be of interest both to the student and the general reader.

Romantic Indiana: A Dramatic Pageant. Seven Episodes with Prologue and Tableaux. By Augusta Stevenson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.00 net.

A play in three acts depicting some of the most important and picturesque events in the early history of Indiana.

Rhymes of Our Valley. By Anthony Euwer. New York: James B. Pond. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.

A volume of verses picturing life in the Northwest, its calls, its hardships and its rewards.

The Shepherd Wind and Other Verses. By Osman Castle Hooper. Columbus, Ohio: The Champlin Press. 75 cents.

A collection of verse.

Fiction

Bonnie May. By Louis Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The story of a precocious child of the theatre, thrown by chance into the midst of a conservative and aristocratic family, with amusing results.

Big Timber. A Story of the Northwest. By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.

A love story with scenes set in the logging camps of British Columbia.

The Bride of a Moment. By Carolyn Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A mystery story built about the shooting of a young bride as she is about to leave the altar.

The Brook Kerith. By George Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50 net.

The life of Christ written in fiction form. Starting out with the assumption that Christ did not die on the cross, the author builds up a narrative based on legends which had currency in the early centuries.

The Chief Legatee. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35 net.

The disappearance of a bride ten minutes after her wedding and the solution of the mystery form the theme of the tale. The book is a new edition of one of the author's earlier stories.

Chloe Malone. By Fannie Heaslip Lea. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A romance of New Orleans, set in an atmosphere of old French aristocracy.

The Chorus: A Tale of Love and Folly. By Sylvia Lynd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.35 net.

The love story of a young girl and a wealthy artist.

The Curious Case of Marie Dupont. By Adele Luehrmann. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A story of love and mystery set in New York society circles, and moving about a famous murder and the theft of a royal necklace.

Enoch Crane. A Novel Planned and Begun by F. Hopkinson Smith, and Completed by F. Berkeley Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A romance of old Greenwich Village.

Fondie. By Edward C. Booth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.40 net.

A romance of Yorkshire, picturing the tragedies and comedies in the life of the village folk.

The Girl at Big Loon Post. By George Van Schaick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

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A story of life at a Hudson's Bay trading-post.

Great Snakes. A Variation on a Classical Theme. By William Caine. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00 net.

A humourous narrative of the conversion of an inebriate by means of a practical joke and a series of accidents, with a love story interwoven through it.

The Hausfrau Rampant. By E. V. Lucas, from the German of Julius Stinde. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.30 net.

A translation and condensation of *The Buckholz Family*, a German humourous classic.

The Heart of Rachael. By Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.

A story of modern New York society life, dealing with the problem of divorce.

The Impossible Mrs. Bellew. By David Lisle. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.30 net.

A romance with Monte Carlo for a setting and a young widow whose escapades had branded her as "impossible" for the heroine.

In Another Girl's Shoes. By Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions). New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A story telling of the humourous difficulties and complications that arise when Vera Vayne, the "movie" actress forces demure, well-bred Rose Whitelands into her place as war widow of Captain Meredith. Scenes are laid in England and Paris.

Johnstone of the Border. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.

Another of the author's adventure stories, this time with the setting in the North Sea off the coast of Scotland. The interest centres about Andrew Johnstone, a Scotchman, and his American comrade Whitney.

The Little Hunchback Zia. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

A short story of the birth of the Christchild and of the restoration of the little hunchback Zia to his birthright.

Michael Cassidy, Sergeant. By "Sapper." New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

Short tales of the trenches.

The Nest-Builder. By Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.

A story of love-at-first-sight, a speedy marriage and its consequences.

Petey Simmons at Siwash. By George Fitch. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

More breezy sketches of life at Siwash College.

The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard. By Grace King. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.40 net.

A story of New Orleans just after the Civil War.

The Sailor. By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.40 net.

A romance of the growth and struggles of a boy from squalour and ignorance to education and fame through his association with the sea.

The Social Gangster. Adventures of Craig Kennedy, Scientific Detective. By Arthur B. Reeve. New York: Heart's International Library Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

A volume of short detective stories.

Tumbleweed. By Alice M. Colter. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The romance of a young girl nicknamed Tumbleweed because of her gay and airy disposition.

The Van Haavens. By C. Hilton-Turvey. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The story of the Van Haaven family and especially of young Willoughby Van Haaven upon whom fell the burden of sustaining the family in its struggle with the world.

Windy McPherson's Sons. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Company. $1.40 net.

The story of a youth of the Middle West who fights his way ruthlessly to material success, and after attaining it and realising its emptiness, seeks things of greater spiritual worth.

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Wind's Will. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A romantic tale of Paris in the days following the close of the Napoleonic wars, in which a young officer of the English army falls in love with and marries a pretty French flower girl despite the protests of his family.

Witte Arrives. By Elias Tobenkin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

The story of a family of Jewish immigrants in America, picturing their life and their adoption of American ideals.

The Woman Gives. A Story of Regeneration. By Owen Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.40 net.

A story of Bohemian life in New York, telling of the sacrifice of a woman for the regeneration of a man.

Juvenile Books

The Adventures of Prickly Porky. The Adventures of Old Man Coyote. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. Each 50 cents net.

Two new volumes in the Bedtime Story-Books series for little children. Each volume in the series deals with the adventures and pranks of some one animal.

Chandra in India. By Etta Blaisdell McDonald. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illusrated. 50 cents net.

The fourteenth volume in the *Little People Everywhere* series, describing in story form the life and customs of India.

John Ginger and Johnny's Peregrinations in Canineland. By Josephine E. Reed. Kansas City: Midwest Publishing Company.

The adventures of two small boys.

The Land of the Golden Man. By Anita B. Ferris. New York: Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada. Illustrated.

Stories of the people of South America and the missionary work done among them. Arranged for use in mission study classes and Sunday Schools.

Little White Fox and His Arctic Friends. By Roy J. Snell. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

Nature stories of the North.

Lucile Triumphant. By Elizabeth M. Duffield. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A sequel to *Lucile the Torch Bearer.* The story takes Lucile and her friends to Europe where they meet with adventure and romance.

Merry Animal Tales. A Book of Old Fables in New Dresses. By Madge A. Bigham. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

Some of the fables of La Fontaine adapted for young children.

Mother West Wind "How" Stories. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Short animal stories for little children telling "How Mr. Frog Learned to Sing," "How Old Mr. Squirrel Became Thrifty," "How It Happens Johnny Chuck Sleeps All Winter," etc.

Once Upon a Time in Indiana. Edited by Charity Dye. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Historical sketches, legends and verses of Indiana.

Pilgrims of To-day. By Mary H. Wade. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Biographical sketches of John Muir, Jacob Riis, Mary Antin, Edward Alfred Steiner, Carl Schurz, Nathan Strauss, and Joseph Pulitzer.

Wonder Tales Retold. Written and Illustrated by Katharine Pyle. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.35 net.

Translations from the folklore of various nations.

History

History of the Jews in Russia and Poland From the Earliest Times Until the Present Day. By S. M. Dubnow. Translated from the Russian by I. Friedlander. Volume I.

The work will be complete in two volumes. The first volume covers the history of the Jews in Russia and Poland from its beginnings until the death of Alexander I, in 1825.

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Our First War in Mexico. By Farnham Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With illustrations and map. $1.25 net.

A brief history of our first war with Mexico over the question of Texas in 1846 to 1848.

A Political History of Japan During the Meiji Era—1867-1912. By Walter Wallace McLaren. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

A modern political history of Japan, describing her system of government, and explaining her national ambitions. The author lived for a number of years in Japan.

Young India. An Interpretation and a History of The Nationalist Movement from Within. By Lajpat Rai. Foreword by J. T. Sunderland. New York: B. W. Huebsch. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A study of India's struggle for self-government and of the men who are leading the Nationalist movement. There is a bibliography.

Travel and Description

Benighted Mexico. By Randolph Wellford Smith. New York: The John Lane Company. $1.50 net.

An analytical study of conditions in Mexico from the time of Madero's assassination to the midsummer of the present year.

Plain Facts About Mexico. The Country, States and Cities, The People, The Resources, Government and Statistics. By George J. Hagar. New York: Harper & Brothers. With Maps. 50 cents net.

A brief summary of the natural, racial, economic, industrial and institutional conditions of Mexico.

The Self-Discovery of Russia. By J. Y. Simpson. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

A discussion of the Russia of to-day, including an exposition of the vodka problem and the good effects of its prohibition. Some chapters deal with the wisdom of maintaining the England-Russia alliance, the right of Russia to a Mediterranean port, etc.

Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras. Being the Random Notes of an Incurable Vagabond. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

The story of the author's leisurely journey through Mexico, Gautemala and Honduras.

Biography

William Newton Clarke. A Biography. With Additional Sketches by His Friends and Colleagues. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

An intimate biography of a well-known preacher, teacher and author.

Joseph Fels: His Life-Work. By Mary Fels. New York: B. W. Huebsch. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A biography of an American manufacturer, dealing largely with his connection with Single Tax, vacant land cultivation, intensive agriculture, educational and other experiments in America and England.

Charles E. Hughes. The Statesman as Shown in the Opinions of the Jurist. By William L. Ransom. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50 net.

A study of Mr. Hughes and his work in the Supreme Court.

A Last Memory of Robert Louis Stevenson. By Charlotte Eaton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

A short sketch of Stevenson and his visit to the home of the author in Manasquan just before he left the United States.

The Melancholy Tale of "Me." My Remembrances. By E. H. Sothern. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

A personal record of the life and career of the well-known actor.

My Days and Dreams. Being Autobiographical Notes. By Edward Carpenter. Illustrated. $2.25.

An account of the life, work and associations of the English writer and socialist.

General Works, Miscellaneous

Advent Songs. A Revision of Old Hymns to Meet Modern Needs. By Simon N. Patten. $1.00 net.

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A collection of old familiar hymn tunes with new words. The work also includes an essay by the author on "Modernising the Song."

Aunt Phebe, Uncle Tom and Others. Character Studies Among the Old Slaves of the South Fifty Years After. By Essie Collins Matthews. Columbus, Ohio: The Champlin Press. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Sketches of some old slave characters still living in the South.

Camping and Woodcraft. A Handbook for Vacation Campers and for Travelers in the Wilderness. By Horace Kephart. New York: Outing Publishing Company. Volume I. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

An expansion of the author's work, *The Book of Camping and Woodcraft,* first brought out in one volume in 1906. It includes information on tents and conditions under which any special design of tent should be used, camp outfits, clothing, personal kits, pests of the woods and how to overcome them, provision lists, etc.

The Federal Farm Loan System. New Method of Farm Mortgage Finance, Under National Supervision. A Practical Manual upon Organising and Conducting National Farm Loan Associations, also Joint Stock Land Banks. Showing How Farmers, Investors, Bankers and the Public May Obtain the Fullest Benefit of the System. By Herbert Myrick. Including Full Text of the Federal Farm Loan Act. New York: Orange Judd Company. $1.00 net.

Games and Parties for Children. By Grace Lee Davison. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00 net.

Suggestions for the entertainment of children.

Our Eastern Question. America's Contact with the Orient and the Trend of Relations with China and Japan. By Thomas F. Millard. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

A discussion of the Far Eastern situation, with especial reference to Japan and China, in its most recent developments, political, sociological, economic and moral.

The President of the United States. By Woodrow Wilson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.

An analysis of the historical evolution of the presidential office, written in 1908 when the author was President of Princeton University.

Reflections of a Cornfield Philosopher. By E. W. Helms. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 50 cents net.

A book of epigrams.

The Truth About the Theatre. By One of the Best Known Theatrical Men in New York. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. $1.00 net.

A statement of existing theatrical conditions, aimed to be of service to those who wish to go on the stage, to write plays, or to become associated in any way with the theatre.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of August and the first of September:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	The Dark Forest	Seventeen
Albany, N. Y.	When a Man's a Man	Tish
Atlanta, Ga.	When a Man's a Man	Bars of Iron
Baltimore, Md.	Seventeen	The Dark Forest
Birmingham, Ala.	When a Man's a Man	Just David
Boston, Mass.	When a Man's a Man	The Girl Philippa
Boston, Mass.	Tish	The Heart of Rachael
Buffalo, N. Y.	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
Chicago, Ill.	When a Man's a Man	Tish
Chicago, Ill.	When a Man's a Man	Nan of Music Mountain
Cincinnati, Ohio	The Heart of Rachael	Tish
Cleveland, Ohio	When a Man's a Man	The Best Short Stories of 1915
Dallas, Texas	When a Man's a Man	The Bent Twig
Denver, Colo.	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Des Moines, Ia.	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
Detroit, Mich.	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
Houston, Tex.	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Heart of Rachael	When a Man's a Man
Jacksonville, Fla.	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Kansas City, Mo.	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Los Angeles, Cal.	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Los Angeles, Cal.	When a Man's a Man	Loot
Louisville, Ky.	The Bent Twig	The Real Motive
Milwaukee, Wis.	When a Man's a Man	Just David
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Prisoner	The Bent Twig
New Haven, Conn.	The Heart of Rachael	When a Man's a Man
New Orleans, La.	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Norfolk, Va.	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
Omaha, Neb.	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
Philadelphia, Pa.	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Philadelphia, Pa.	Just David	When a Man's a Man
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Seventeen	When a Man's a Man
Portland, Me.	When a Man's a Man	The Prisoner
Portland, Ore.	When a Man's a Man	Happy Valley
Providence, R. I.	Big Timber	When a Man's a Man
Richmond, Va.	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
St. Louis, Mo.	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
St. Louis, Mo.	When a Man's a Man	The Girl Philippa
San Antonio, Tex.	When a Man's a Man	Just David
San Francisco, Cal.	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
San Francisco, Cal.	When a Man's a Man	The Dark Forest
Seattle, Wash.	When a Man's a Man	Big Timber
Tacoma, Wash.	When a Man's a Man	The Fall of a Nation
Utica, N. Y.	When a Man's a Man	The Sailor
Waco, Tex.	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Washington, D. C.	Seventeen	The Heart of Rachael

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Prisoner	The Sailor	Private Gaspard	Three Sons and a Mother
The Rising Tide	The Thirteenth Commandment	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Big Timber
The Fifth Wheel	The Heart of Rachael	Finding of Jasper Holt	Seventeen
The Sailor	Tish	When a Man's a Man	The Unspeakable Perk
Seventeen	The Heart of Rachael	The Thirteenth Commandment	The Prisoner
Tish	The Prisoner	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Blow the Man Down
The Dark Forest	The Sailor	Seventeen	The Girl Philippa
The Girl Philippa	The Heart of Rachael	Just David	The Dark Forest
Three Sons and a Mother	The Rising Tide	The Heart of Rachael	The Thirteenth Commandment
The Heart of Rachael	Seventeen	The Girl Philippa	The Thirteenth Commandment
Seventeen	Cappy Ricks	Green Mansions	When a Man's a Man
The Prisoner	The Heart of Rachael	The Girl Philippa	Seventeen
The Heart of Rachael	Seed of the Righteous	Loot	Bars of Iron
The Girl Philippa	Just David	Ramona	Seventeen
Proof of the Pudding	Just David	Under the Country Sky	Her Husband's Purse
Just David	Fulfillment	Bars of Iron	The Border Legion
Come Out of the Kitchen	A Cathedral Singer	Tish	Under the Country Sky
Proof of the Pudding	The Dark Forest	The Prisoner	Green Mansions
Loot	The Girl Philippa	Seventeen	Finding of Jasper Holt
Dear Enemy	Seventeen	The Harbour	Life and Gabriella
Tish	Proof of the Pudding	Just David	Nan of Music Mountain
Green Mansions	The Heart of Rachael	Tish	The Prisoner
When a Man's a Man	Seventeen	The Thirteenth Commandment	Bars of Iron
Cappy Ricks	The Bent Twig	Seventeen	The Heart of Rachael
When a Man's a Man	The Belfry	The Heart of Rachael	The Rudder
The Rising Tide	In Another Girl's Shoes	Under the Country Sky	Big Timber
Bars of Iron	Behold the Woman!	The Bent Twig	Seventeen
The Fall of a Nation	Tish	The Sailor	The Girl Philippa
Just David	Loot	Nan of Music Mountain	The Real Adventure
Big Timber	Tish	Seventeen	The Wind's Will
Seventeen	Big Timber	The Heart of Rachael	The Prisoner
The Girl Philippa	The Prisoner	The Heart of Rachael	The Thirteenth Commandment
Tish	Blow the Man Down	Big Timber	The Heart of Rachael
Seventeen	The Bent Twig	John Bogardus	The Girl Philippa
Just David	Tish	The Rising Tide	The Sailor
The Thirteenth Commandment	The Girl Philippa	Seventeen	The Unspeakable Perk
Behold the Woman!	The Girl Philippa	The Bent Twig	Viviette
Tish	The Heart of Rachael	The Thirteenth Commandment	Bars of Iron
The Heart of Rachael	The Fall of a Nation	The Border Legion	The Unspeakable Perk
The Girl Philippa	The Dark Forest	Seventeen	Green Mansions
Three Sons and a Mother	Blow the Man Down	Cappy Ricks	The Real Adventure
The Heart of Rachael	Seventeen	The Harbour	The Thirteenth Commandment
Happy Valley	Nan of Music Mountain	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Old Judge Priest
Come Out of the Kitchen	Seventeen	Blow the Man Down	The Prisoner
Tish	Loot	The Real Adventure	The Border Legion
When a Man's a Man	Bars of Iron	The Dark Forest	The Prisoner

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.
Eat and Grow Thin. Vance Thompson.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
England's Effort. Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
Tramping Through Mexico. Harry A. Franck.
How to Live. I. Fisher and E. L. Fisk.
The Pentecost of Calamity. Owen Wister.
On Being Human. Woodrow Wilson.
The Red Horizon. Patrick MacGill.
Counter Currents. Agnes Repplier.
Efficient Living. E. E. Purinton.
My Home in the Field of Honour. Frances Wilson Huard.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 214 and 215) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any lists receives 10
" " " 2d " " " " 8
" " " 3d " " " " 7
" " " 4th " " " " 6
" " " 5th " " " " 5
" " " 6th " " " " 4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. When a Man's a Man. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.35	410
2. The Heart of Rachael. Norris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	226
3. Seventeen. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.35	174
4. Tish. Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50	103
5. The Girl Philippa. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40	84
6. Just David. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25	77

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

The Bent Twig. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.
Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
The Prisoner. Alice Brown.
The Sailor. J. C. Snaith.
Private Gaspard. Rene Benjamin.
Three Sons and a Mother. Gilbert Cannan.
When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
Tish. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland.
The Thirteenth Commandment. Rupert Hughes.
The Lightning Conductor Discovers America. C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
Big Timber. Bertrand W. Sinclair.
Bars of Iron. Ethel M. Dell.
The Fifth Wheel. Olive Higgins Prouty.
The Heart of Rachael. Kathleen Norris.
The Finding of Jasper Holt. Grace L. H. Lutz.
The Unspeakable Perk. Samuel Hopkins Adams.
Just David. Eleanor H. Porter.
The Girl Philippa. Robert W. Chambers.
Blow the Man Down. Holman Day.
Nan of Music Mountain. Frank Spearman.
Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.
Green Mansions. W. H. Hudson.
The Best Short Stories of 1915. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien.
The Seed of the Righteous. Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.
Loot. A. S. Roche.
Ramona. Helen Hunt Jackson.
The Proof of the Pudding. Meredith Nicholson.
Under the Country Sky. Grace S. Richmond.
Her Husband's Purse. Helen R. Martin.
Fulfillment. Emma Wolf.
The Border Legion. Zane Grey.
Come Out of the Kitchen. Alice Duer Miller.
A Cathedral Singer. James Lane Allen.
Dear Enemy. Jean Webster.
The Harbour. Ernest Poole.
Life and Gabriella. Ellen Glasgow.
The Belfry. May Sinclair.
The Rudder. Mary S. Watts.
In Another Girl's Shoes. Berta Ruck.
Behold the Woman! T. Everett Harré.
The Fall of a Nation. Thomas Dixon.
The Real Adventure. Henry Kitchell Webster.
The Wind's Will. Agnes and Egerton Castle.
Happy Valley. A. S. Monroe.
John Bogardus. George Agnew Chamberlain.
Viviette. W. J. Locke.
Old Judge Priest. Irvin Cobb.

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